

September, 1939

The Liguorian



Catholic Action in School

C. D. McEnniry

•

St. Anne de Beaupre

D. F. Miller

•

Cora (Story)

W. T. Cullen

•

Campus Sidelights

E. F. Miller

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AMONGST OURSELVES

A few items from our mail: "THE LIGUORIAN is the most up-to-date and 'clickingest' Catholic magazine in the country." "Each copy of THE LIGUORIAN makes the rounds of at least six families here before it comes to rest." "I wish I could afford to subscribe to THE LIGUORIAN for every family I know." "Being a convert, I find much needed information about the faith in every article from cover to cover." And so on with numerous variations.

Such expressions have a particularly welcome sound because of the singleness of our purpose in publishing THE LIGUORIAN. It is not a medium of publicity for any movement; it is not an organ for making money or collecting money. It is published solely to provide attractive reading matter for its subscribers, Catholic or non-Catholic, from the viewpoint of the Catholic philosophy of life. When readers tell us that they enjoy reading it, they are offering us more encouragement than if they expressed their appreciation in gifts of silver or gold. And when they induce others to read it and to subscribe for it, because of its merits, they are paying the highest tribute within their power. Our work shall be the constant effort to be worthy of such tributes.

The Liguorian

Editor: D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

Associate Editors:

A. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

R. J. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

E. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

Business Manager: G. J. LIEBST, C.Ss.R.

Circulation Manager: B. J. GUENTHER, C.Ss.R.

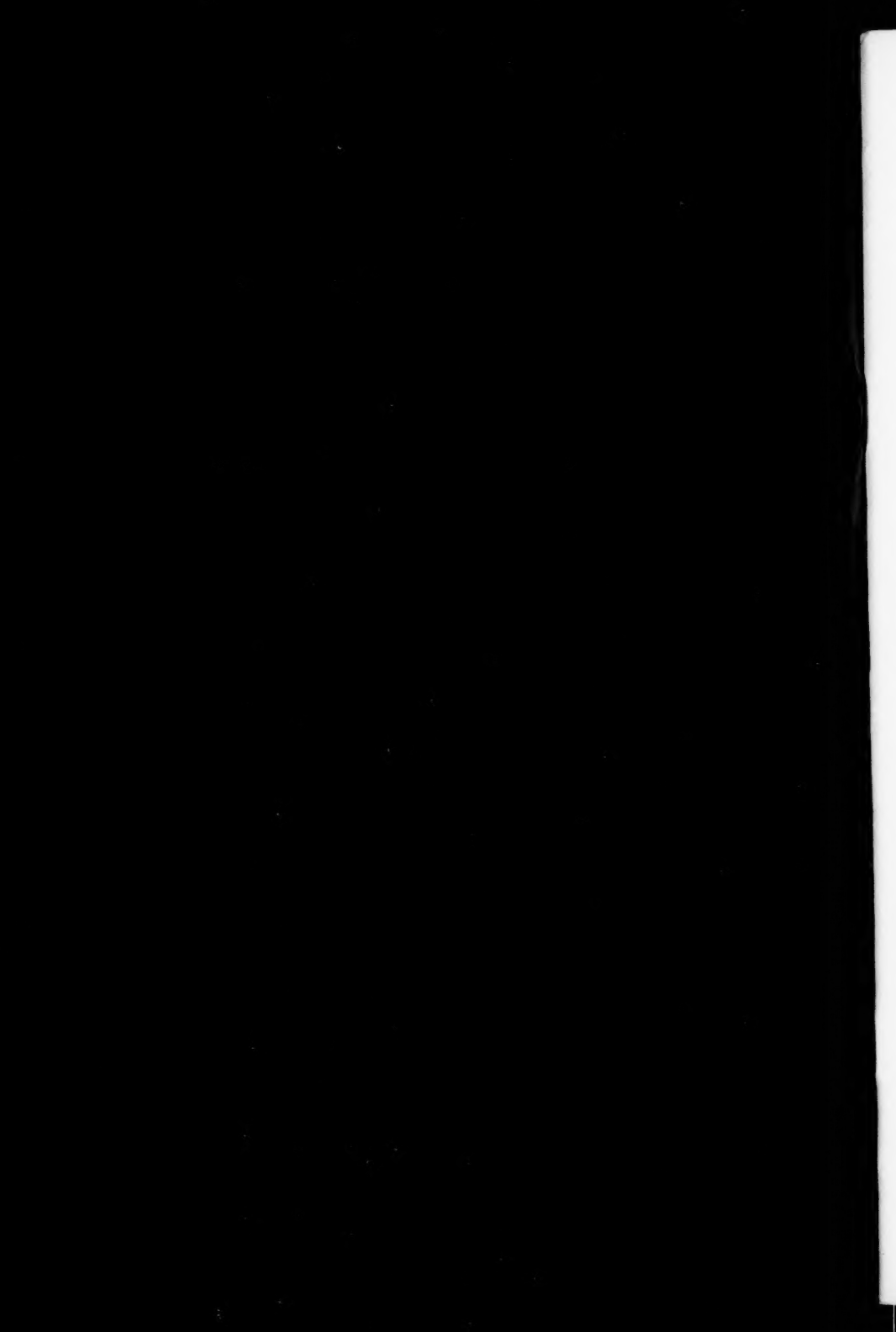
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THE WIDOW'S SON

"Young man of Naim, I say to thee, arise"
Like nine dim bell-notes seeping through the mist
Towards someone lost at sea . . . I heard His words
While cool strong fingers grasped me by the wrist.

Like April hills my sinews seemed to stir
I felt a strangeness gushing through my veins
As though my limbs would blossom like a tree —
Then suddenly I held life by the reins!

My breath, it bubbled over into sound.
"Mother," I gasped. (And all the crowd grew white
And struck their breasts, and spoke of prophets come.)
"Mother, I had the strangest dream last night!"

— J. J. Galvin

FATHER TIM CASEY

CATHOLIC ACTION IN SCHOOL

C. D. McENNIRY

"**M**EN are so *stupid*! Starvation in the midst of plenty! There is too much wheat and corn, and yet the Morrow children are crying for a piece of bread or a bowl of mush — too much cotton, and Lelia Traves cannot get a simple calico dress to cover her rags! And these legislators in the State Capitol and these congressmen in Washington sit there barking at one another for months on end while never doing a thing to remedy the situation. Such stupidity!"

Believe it or not, this savage outburst came from Sister Enrichetta, the demure-looking little nun who teaches in St. Mary's Junior High.

"I shouldn't dub the good men stupid for not unravelling a problem which Solomon himself, with all his wisdom, could not solve," Father Casey remarked.

"What problem is that, Father?"

"The problem that arises when two individuals both insist on having exclusive possession of the same thing at the same time."

"But why? God gives enough for everybody. Why don't they arrange to pass it around? They are rational human beings, not a couple of dogs blindly fighting for the same bone."

"My dear Sister, even rational human beings can behave very much like animals when they allow themselves to be actuated by greed, when they look only to their own selfish interests and give no heed to the well-being of their neighbor."

"I could understand that if they were all heathens and pagans."

"Yes, even Christians — at least, so-called Christians. I will go further, Sister Enrichetta, and say, even some of those who once had the privilege of sitting in your class in St. Mary's School. Many of them, when they go into business, seek only their own interest, not that of their customers or clients; when they become employers, they think only of profit, never of service; when they become workers, they band together to fight their employers, not to cooperate with them in the best interests of both and of the consumers."

"**P**ARDON me, Father," Sister Blanche interrupted, "that brings us to the precise subject we wanted to discuss with you. The Popes and the bishops are urging charity and fair dealing and social justice and Catholic action and unselfish cooperation among the classes and all that. Why do not the people, at least the Catholic people, respond better?"

"Because you cannot teach an old dog new tricks," the priest responded drily.

"That is why we want to start with the young," both Sisters announced in one breath.

"Splendid! But our young people are no longer under your control. If they were still in school, you might —"

"We want to work with those who are still in school, who are still under our control — at least our high school children."

"That would be the correct beginning. It really is succeeding in some countries. Now in Belgium, I believe, there is a movement. But our young Americans?" The old priest had lived through too many disillusionments to be easily enthusiastic.

"Father, when our young Americans have a noble ideal set before them, they will respond to it as whole-heartedly as the Belgians — or as the children in any country in the world." Sister Blanche was loyal to her flag.

"That is a fact," Sister Enrichetta corroborated. "You cannot imagine how enthusiastic they are over that series of talks you have been giving on the Mystical Body of Christ. And, best of all, when they approve of a high principle, they want to put it straightway into practise. Those who were snobbish and exclusive are now mingling with the poorer children on terms of the most perfect equality. Many neighborhood quarrels have been patched up. They come often to tell me how they did kind things to the colored children in their district. 'You know, Sister,' they say, 'I never realized, when I used to despise them, that I was despising a fellow member of the Mystical Body of Christ.'"

"That is why we thought this would be just the opportune time to introduce Catholic Action among them — if it were approved," added Sister Blanche.

"With two such dynamic leaders as you and Sister Enrichetta, the undertaking would have to succeed — until graduation day. After that

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they would promptly forget there was such a thing as Catholic Action." He was probably testing whether their ardor was intense enough to come through a cold douche.

"No, no, Father!" they protested in unison. "It is precisely after they have finished school that they will do their real work for Catholic Action," Sister Enrichetta insisted. "Just think, Father!" Her bright vision of the future became more dazzling the more she contemplated it. "Just think how easy it would be to introduce the movement in all the schools of the diocese. In a few years you would have trained leaders of Catholic Action, in the fight for social justice, in every parish in the diocese. In a few years you would have trained leaders of Catholic Action, in the fight for social justice, in every parish in the diocese — first among the young people, a little later among the men and women of middle age. You say there is no possibility of solving the economic problem because almost everybody, Catholics included, works at his trade or his business for the profit he can get out of it, not at all for the service he can render his fellowmen. But when our Catholics learn to lead the full Christ-life, to see fellow members of Christ in their neighbors — when such Catholics are found in the labor unions, among the industrialists, the bankers, the legislators, the publishers, the actors, the ball players, what an influence for good they will have, especially at the time when the whole country will be despairing of ever finding a way out of the economic labyrinth."

"ORGANIZING that work in the schools is not so easy as it sounds," Father Casey warned them. "It would require a thorough study of methods —"

"We have been doing just that, Father, studying everything we could lay our hands on — we, and most of the other high school Sisters in the diocese, who belong to our community. We are ready to begin. All we need is permission — and help, oceans of it."

"How would you go about it?"

"In each high school select a group of the most reliable students — students who would be ready to make unselfish and enthusiastic efforts to bring Christ into their own lives and into the lives of others — in their own homes, in their neighborhood, in all their contacts. The pastor then gives a series of familiar talks to this select group —"

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"Hold on!" the priest expostulated. "I thought this was going to be *your* work."

"In these talks," continued the imperturbable Sister Blanche, "he grounds them still more firmly in the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ, imbues them with the conviction that they and their neighbors are fellow-members of Christ, enthuses with devotion and loyalty to Christ in themselves and in all His members. Next, he shows them how to reduce this devotion and loyalty to practise by forming circles for the three-fold purpose of self-sanctification, study and action."

"He! He! He! He does all this, Where do you come in?"

"Right here, Father. We organize the students into circles of less than a dozen each. A circle has its president, secretary, treasurer. It meets once a week. A Sister moderator is present; but she is not to conduct the meeting. It is the work of the students. In the meeting she gives whatever guidance or explanation they may require. Outside the meeting she encourages them all, but especially helps the president to plan the next meeting, to assign the work, to select suggestive books and pamphlets."

"What do they do in the meetings?"

"They occupy themselves with their three-fold aim: Self-sanctification — Study — Action. SELF-SANCTIFICATION: learn how to profit from their rule of life: daily Mass and Communion, a short daily meditation, rosary, short visits to the Blessed Sacrament, particular and general examination of conscience, frequent ejaculatory prayers, remembrance of the Christ-life within them by which they live and act, brief acts of humility, love and contrition after a fault, sacrifice, self-denial, prompt conformity to God's will in all the little mistakes and disappointments of the day. STUDY: Christian doctrine, the New Testament, especially the Gospels, Church history, liturgy, present day activity in the Church, such as the missions, social justice, Catholic Action. ACTION: reducing to practise the doctrine of the Mystical Body, not for ten years from now, but today. Concrete cases of where some member of Christ needs attention and what they will do about it. The most urgent need is always the spiritual; it gets first attention. They know two fellow students who are not on speaking terms. Who will act as peace-maker? A neighbor does not go to Mass. Certain public school children neglect Sunday school. Improper magazines and books are read by some children they know. What prudent measures can they

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take to remedy these ills? They will use their influence to get their companions to daily Mass — and on time; also to Benediction on Sunday evenings. The material needs of the members of Christ likewise claim their attention. Who knows a child that needs shoes — a dress for first Communion — a sick neighbor who would appreciate a visit? And that they might better realize the needs of the members of Christ, they will send representatives to the public hospitals, to the downtown slums, to the sweatshops, to the bread-lines. With these heart-wringing results of violated social justice vividly before their mind, they will begin a campaign for redress — first in their own conduct: littering up the park or the school yard is contrary to the social justice due to their fellow members of the Mystical Body. So too is cheating in exams, in games, dodging the entrance fee to amusements, thoughtless destruction of public or private property, careless driving or speeding, shirking their share of the work in the house, the lawn, the garden, taunting rag-pickers and shoestring peddlers, despising 'white wings' or other lowly workers. Their efforts to avoid these faults will constitute a constant training in social justice, which will show itself in more important ways in later life. With a view to taking their full share of the work in later life they study the Encyclicals and read of the various efforts being made to apply the teachings therein. The children of employers discuss with the children of workers how each class can be more just and charitable towards the other."

"Bravo, Sister Blanche! You have a program to keep your circles busy both in and out of meeting."

"And besides that," Sister Enrichetta added, "to keep them from going stale or running out of ideas, they keep in touch with the circles in the other schools. Once a month representatives from the various circles meet for a round table discussion of their mutual problems and to receive instructions from the bishop's delegate. But these central meetings never usurp the position of primary importance held by the circles in the individual schools. The parish is the natural unit of Catholic Action; our children must be trained according to this principle from the very start."

"AND you, Sister Majella! When are we going to hear from you? What is your contribution to this dynamic Catholicity?"

Father Casey simply could not understand how she had been able to

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sit there so long silent and let other people do all the talking. But Sisters Blanche and Enrichetta were high school teachers, while she had only the grades.

"For my brood, the more dynamic the better. Any time it is decided to express Catholic Action by throwing bricks at communists, I can pledge the unstinted cooperation of Red Brannigan," said Sister Majella.

When To Leave A Play

George Jean Nathan, who has perhaps seen as many plays on the New York stage as anyone else, has outlined in *News-week* a large number of rules according to which the veriest tyro can spot a bad play within ten minutes of its opening scene. Some of the rules are:

If, shortly after the play starts, one of the characters, usually an old woman with a quiver in her voice, shakes her head ominously and remarks with symbolic import that there's a storm brewing, whereupon a faint rumble of thunder is heard in the distance.

Immediately a young actor in a seven dollar brown suit and with mussed hair, thus representing a Communist, enters the drawing room of Brenda Van Hoogstratten, a rich society girl with a polo-playing fiancée.

When the curtain rises on an anti-Nazi drama and discloses a Jewish family of such angelic character that you don't know whether you're looking at a stage or at the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

The moment anyone puts anything into a drawer with a furtive look.

When in any French drama a married woman approaching forty looks wistfully out of the window and sighs.

If the rise of the curtain discloses (a) a group sitting around in flannels fingering tennis rackets; (b) an ingenue arranging flowers in a vase and happily humming to herself; (c) a butler taking a book from a bookcase; (d) a male character knocking at the door and, when no one answers, entering and, upon finding the room empty, wondering aloud if anyone is at home; or (e) a thirty-five year old woman secretary with her hair slapped severely back, wearing glasses and speaking officiously into a desk telephone.

The instant you hear the line, "My dear, sit down. I want to talk to you. Things cannot continue this way."

The instant, even before hearing it, you anticipate the line, "You must give up this child!"

THE HOUSE OF TOIL

If you have a job, and a few simple worries, and a wife and family, you may need this story of what can happen to a man who doesn't need money, but still needs a job. Work can do much that money can never do.

D. F. MILLER

"**H**URRY up, you there. Do you think we want to be at this job until 1950? Keep those shovels moving."

Bert Johnson gritted his teeth and let his weight down on the shovel until it sank deep into the sticky clay beneath his feet. The perspiration stood out on his forehead, his neck and his bare shoulders, glistening against his deep tan. He heard the grunts of nineteen others as their shovels moved almost in unison. They were a P.W.A. detachment clearing an overgrown, uneven stretch of land to make a playground for children.

The boss left the group to walk to another end of the field. The work slackened a little, and it was now accompanied by a patter of comment.

"Slave-driver!" said one burly fellow who looked like and indeed was an ex-bartender. "I'd like to see him on one end of this shovel for half an hour."

"Yeah," said a scrawny-looking individual, probably an ex-book-keeper. "I bet he doesn't know what a callous feels like," he looked at his hands commiseratingly.

"Oh well," said Bert, "He's pretty tough, but after all we're working. We're doing something for a living. We're not sitting around twelve and fifteen hours a day just thinking."

"Oh, yeah?" said the ex-bartender. "We're doing something all right for our fifteen a week. But I'd just as soon be sitting around for it." He let his weight ride the shovel into the ground, and lifted it leisurely. "I don't think I was made for this."

"What you ought to be," said Bert, "is a bank executive, sitting behind a desk smoking fat cigars all day."

"What I had was all right," said the fat one. "There's a lot of difference between scraping the foam off a mug of beer and scraping the top off the earth."

"Boy," said a man of about fifty, striking a meditative pose, as he propped himself up on his shovel and stared at the distant horizon.

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"What wouldn't I give right now for a keg of the foam you scraped off." The horizon on which he gazed was suddenly obscured by an approaching figure. "Jiggers," he said, "here comes the czar."

The group bent to the task in hand industriously, and did not see that the boss was followed at a little distance by a woman. She was picking her way over the rough spots, jumping agilely over little pools of water lying here and there, making straight for the crowd working near the sign whose beautiful red and blue letters said: "U.S.A. P.W.A. project No. 30,687." She was almost in the midst of the group before the men noticed her.

"Bert," said the ex-bookkeeper, "It looks like your wife."

Bert looked up. Like most men, he wasn't particularly keen about having his wife show up at the scene of his labors, to talk over family troubles or to ask questions about the shopping business of the day. As a matter of fact, Beth seldom bothered him while he was at work. However, he experienced a surge of pride as she came toward him. Flushed and excited, she was a picture of health and good spirits, and she was good-looking. Her natural curly hair strayed freely in the wind, and her clear complexion gained from her excitement. He pushed his shovel into the earth and stepped aside to talk to her.

"What's the matter, Beth?" he asked.

"Oh, Bert, we just got a letter. I couldn't wait to show it to you. It's the answer to our prayers. Its glorious. I'm so excited. Here, read it!"

Bert confided a perfect set of muddy fingerprints to the letter as he held it in his hands and read. When he had finished, he stood stunned for a moment, then he waved the letter aloft and yelled to the men:

"Fellows, I'm fired. I'm no longer eligible for this job. The wife and I just inherited a barrel of dough." He danced a little jig around his shovel, and then seized his wife by the arms and kissed her. The men crowded around the two fortunate ones and looked almost as happy as they did as they offered their congratulations.

"The first thing I'm going to do," said Bert, "is to send around a pony of beer so that you can all celebrate. And fellows, I'm sincere when I say I'll miss you all."

The boss was genuinely human as he said: "Well miss you, Bert. But we're glad you'll be on your own. Don't get broke too soon."

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The ex-bartender spoke up: "Now who's going to sit behind a desk all day smoking black cigars?"

"Not I," said Bert. "This money is going to get me a job of my own, I want to work, money or no money."

"I'll ask you about that six months from now," said the bartender, good-naturedly. "But if you see any openings in my line of work, my profession, that is, don't forget me."

Bert laughed. "No, I won't forget," he said. "So long, fellows." Husband and wife walked off arm in arm.

THE party had been the gayest and most uproarious they had ever had. The evidences were all around the front rooms of the luxurious Johnson home, which had been completed less than six months before. Cocktail glasses, some empty, some half-full, some broken. Ash-trays, overflowing on to the highly polished tables and emitting thin curls of smoke from cigarettes yet burning. Furniture askew, rugs rumpled up, and over all the sickening odor of mixed perfume, mixed liquors, perspiration, and various kinds of food. But the most distinctive evidence of the party was Bert Johnson. He was sprawled in a chair in the middle of the room. He was thoroughly drunk.

A year of living in wealth had gone by. It had seemed like a week. The money left to Bert and his wife had been partially in cash, but mostly in lucrative shares in a prosperous battery manufacturing business. Bert could have been an officer in the corporation or an executive in the business had he had the time to learn something about it and the wish to spend a few hours each day at the office. He had not the time at first, what with all the planning and building and reorganizing he was doing in regard to the family affairs, and later on he had no inclination. The money rolled in whether he worked and worried or not.

He had grown to wonder how he could ever have thought that time would hang heavy on a man's hands. There was his golf — a miserable game he played, to be sure — but he was improving under expensive instruction, and of course it required a few hours of practise as often as possible. There were the indescribably varied activities at which evenings and nights could be spent: night-club adventures, the best shows, social events, and above all, parties, formal and informal, pre-meditated and unpremeditated, large and small, at home and elsewhere. It seemed all these things just happened; you couldn't stop them; you

got into a current and it carried you along; almost you had nothing to say. Your "friends" multiplied like weeds in an untended garden once you moved into a big house and hired a servant or two. You did not even have time for your own children and had to keep hiring other people to do things for them.

That was how the year went. But this was three A.M. and Bert was draped over a chair, seeing the disarrayed room through bleary eyes. His wife sat wearily on a davenport across from him. She was sober, but tired enough to fall asleep where she was. It was disgust over Bert's condition that kept her awake. She looked at him, her lips twitching with scorn.

"The big shot," she said, biting. "The great big business executive. Do you know what you were talking about all evening—that is, as soon as you began to get loaded?"

"I—I—like to work," said Bert, slipping down further in his chair. "S'all I want, work. Work all day and all night."

"The way you talked tonight people would think you really did want to work. They'd think you were running a whole factory. Bragging about all the business you've done, when you haven't lifted a hand or done a tap of work for a year."

"Made a hundred thousand dollars. Make a million this year," babbled Bert, gaily. "Work, was'h me work. . . ." He slipped down a notch further and went to sleep. Beth closed her eyes painfully and then forced herself to get up briskly and help him off to bed. It was the first time he had ever, despite all the opportunities of the past year, been really drunk. Probably, thought Beth, with bitterness, it would not be the last.

BERT JOHNSON awoke about noon, and when his eyes opened, he quickly shut them again, in involuntary horror at the throb in his temples and the rush of thoughts that consciousness unleashed in his brain. The thoughts came more quickly with his eyes closed, however, so he resigned himself to them and began to look around on his world.

He saw a very luxurious bedroom, and for a full moment could not realize that he himself, abetted only by his wife, had designed and furnished it. It reminded him now of bedrooms he had seen in the movies—many of them in days when he would never have believed that

real people ever slept in such. His eyes rolled from ceiling to walls to floor, then over the dresser not far from his bed. On the dresser stood a half empty bottle of whiskey and a small glass laid on its side with a thin trickle of yellow stain leading from its lip across the glass dresser top. He remembered dimly: he had insisted on a "night-cap" before getting into bed.

The whiskey bottle and the glass snapped something within him. It snapped open a flood of memories of his making a fool of himself the night before. It did more than that. It seemed to open up some chamber in his mind that had been closed for about a year — the chamber wherein had been locked up all the convictions, ideals, aspirations, and experiences of his life previous to his inheriting wealth. He saw himself, his house, his family, his life — everything — just as he would have looked upon these things in another in the days when he was a working man struggling for a living. The vision was appalling. It made him want to cover his head with the bed clothes as though to hide from a whole world of respectable, industrious citizens gazing upon him.

He gripped himself, however, and threw off the covers, and, wobbling a little, made for the dresser. He almost fainted when he caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror, red-eyed, gaunt, unshaven and woebegone. Yet he mustered his energy, seized the whiskey bottle, walked to the bathroom and threw it down smashingly on the tile floor. Then, disregarding the bits of glass that had flown all about the room, he stood before the sink and bathed his face in cold water. It refreshed him, and finally he went back into the bedroom and sat down on the side of the bed.

Well, here we are, he seemed to be saying to himself. For about half a minute the refreshed feeling made him think of just forgetting the night before and letting life go on as usual. But the chamber in his mind had been opened and now he knew he could never close it again. Something had to be done, before it was too late, quickly, now.

He dressed himself and went down stairs. There was a coffee pot on the range in the kitchen. He poured a cup of coffee and drank it, black and lukewarm. He turned to walk into the next room.

His wife's maid met him there. She was a matronly woman, who had always been efficient and self-effacing. She put on no dramatic airs as she said quietly now:

"Your wife has left with the children. She is not coming back. She

said she will send you a number at the postoffice to which you can send money each week, as soon as she can arrange it. She told me not to touch the living rooms, but to leave them as they are. She paid me off, only asking me to wait to tell you." The maid stopped, and then added: "I'm sorry, Mr. Johnson. But I knew it had to come. I've seen it before. I hope you'll be able to find her. I know she'll want you to before long."

"Thank you, Mabel," said Bert, trying to smile. "You've been very good to us. And thank you for your wishes." He reached into his pocket and found some bills. He handed her a twenty dollar one. "Goodbye," he said shortly, and she went towards the kitchen.

He entered the living room and sat down in the midst of the debris left by the party. He had counted on Beth's help in changing things, and now felt almost unbearably alone. Then Mabel's words came back to him and he clung to them like a life line. Good old Mabel! Shrewd judge of character. Honest, sincere, sympathetic. "Beth would be looking for him." Yes, she'd be looking for him, if and when he got back to the old Bert he used to be.

But how could he do it? How could a man with all the money he could ever use get back to the character he possessed when he had to work and slave for a living? Or could it be done at all? Could a man ever recapture his interest in simple things, his honesty and integrity, his industry and contentment, his love of family, his self-respect, when he had let money destroy them? He had never read nor heard of its being done; he had often said it was impossible when he read stories about wealthy play-boys and wastrels committing suicide before he himself became rich and let the riches spoil him. Suddenly he stood up and smashed his fist down on a table, shaking cocktail glasses right and left to the floor. "If it has never been done before, I'll do it," he said. He left the room and began looking for a sign on which he could scrawl "For sale" — to be placed in the window of the house.

THE figure in overalls loitering around the corridor of the post-office near the lock-boxes attracted little attention. He might have been a janitor, or a carpenter waiting for some tools, or a day-laborer waiting for a certain nail distribution. In reality it was Bert Johnson. The day was Saturday. In his pocket was a pay check for \$22.50. It was the third one he had received, for working in the basement department of the Battery Plant he almost owned.

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After quite a wait, because he had no way of knowing just when she usually called for her mail, he saw her entering a door at the far end of the building. She looked a little tired and sad, he thought, and then his heart leaped with the thought that it might be loneliness and nothing more.

He walked over and stationed himself facing the line of lock-boxes among which was her number, pretending to be studying the box figures closely, like a near-sighted person. He heard her light step behind him, and then knew that she had paused and was waiting for the "laborer" to make room for her. His heart missed a beat or two and he felt like a kid waiting for the first date of his life. Then he turned around.

Her eyes met his face, and while her breath stopped right where it was in her throat, the same eyes devoured him, working clothes and all.

"You found me," she said at last, as though she had been praying heart and soul for the success of his search. "Oh, Bert, and you look — you look wonderful."

For answer, he reached into a grimy pocket of his overalls and took out a narrow envelope. On the flap was written: \$22.50. He handed it to her.

"There," he said. When she had looked at it, he added: "Remember how I used to hand you one of these every week?" There was more than what he said in the words. She caught his meaning, and unmindful of the people hurrying to and fro, put her hands on his shoulders and kissed him.

Friendship Without Profit

When we take our troubles to a friend, what we often seek is not criticism, but justification.

When a man goes home and tells his wife about a difficulty he has had at the office, he would consider her deficient if she turned on him and exclaimed, "You are a fool; I don't blame your boss a bit." What she is expected to say, and what she usually does say, is, "I don't see how you stand it." This pleases the man and enhances his opinion of his wife's good sense.

The human desire for justification practically destroys opportunity for constructive criticism. The strange fact is that the only honest criticism most of us receive comes from ourselves or from our enemies.

A friend too often may be defined as someone who approves of us.

Three Minute Instruction

JOY

The mistaken notion that religion is essentially a joyless thing has kept too many people from embracing it. Any analysis of true religion that gives the impression that it excludes joy from the heart contradicts reason, faith and experience.

1. Joy is defined by reason as the contentment of an appetite when the object for which it was made is present. There is bodily joy, as when the appetite of hunger is appeased by food, and spiritual joy when the appetites of the spiritual powers of mind and will find the object for which they were made. Since true religion provides the objects that the mind and will have an unending desire for, namely, a God in Whom all truth is contained, and Who is the sum of all things worth loving, it follows that religion is not only not opposed to joy, but the one means of finding it.

2. Christ Himself made joy a reward for his followers—even on earth. That was the meaning of the angels' song on Christmas: "Peace on earth to men of good will." That was the promise of His words: "Come to me and I will refresh you." That was the message of His resurrection: "My peace I give unto you, my peace I leave with you. Be not troubled or afraid."

3. All the Saints and all truly convinced and practical Christians can give testimony to the joy that springs from the practice of their religion. St. Philip Neri used to cry out in remonstrance against God for sending him so much joy; he thought he was being pampered and spoiled. St. Francis of Assisi could not help singing for joy. All true Christians know that faith brings sacrifice, and they find by experience that the greater the spirit of sacrifice, the greater the joy, because God gives Himself more and more fully to a man, as he sacrifices himself more and more for God.

Far from finding any truth in the statement that religion excludes joy, we come rather to the conclusion that the only solid joys in life are predicated on the practice of true religion. Without that everything else turns out to be empty, and the rest we sought in lesser things than God becomes the great restlessness that is the constant affliction of so many souls.

CAMPUS SIDELIGHTS

If this picture appears to be a trifle bitter, let's put the blame where the blame belongs—on those who have made modern education what it is. Then let's hop on the band-wagon that is headed for the real thing.

E. F. MILLER

WELL, the school bells are soon to ring out again and the campuses to crawl with human feet, eager human feet and young human feet, all wending their way over football fields, tennis courts, handball alleys, and baseball diamonds; around social centers, fraternity houses, gymnasias, and eating places; and into golden buildings and marble halls of learning that tower skyward and which the people raised in order that their sons and daughters might receive the education that in a harder age was denied to them.

The coeds will be adorned as coeds should be adorned who are attending the university for the purpose of acquiring knowledge. During the last few weeks of the summer they hardly had a minute to themselves. With unabated diligence they devoured that peculiar page of the daily papers that devotes long columns and striking pictures to the details of women's dress; with unfeigned sincerity they wrote inquiring letters to Dorothy Dix and Emily Post; and with unusual persistence they called on friend and foe who might be in a position to give them helpful hints as to the wardrobe of the well dressed university girl. They took no chances on running short of the correct kind of clothes. On the first day of school they will appear on the campus in one of the thirty ensembles for which their father paid; but they will be very nonchalant about it all as though they were interested only in education and not at all in whether or not their outfit is making headway with the boys.

The boys on the other hand will slouch along in complete comfort. At least a great number of the boys. The weather permitting they will dispense with coats and of course neckties. If they happen to own a sweater with a large letter on it they will most likely be wearing that, weather or no weather. Their shoes will not be shined (their shoes will not be of the kind that lend themselves to shining), their hair will be indifferently combed, and only a few will be wearing hats. They will ogle the girls thoroughly one and all, and speak to most of them in a

tongue quite foreign to English — the English taught in the classroom.

THE conversation amongst the to be educated, the being educated, and the almost educated will center generally around current events of the day. Vacation and where it was spent will have its innings; Hollywood, the latest murder and kidnapping, athletics, the social events of the coming year, and what is showing down at the Varsity will be examined from all angles and properly commented on; an occasional sultry story will make the rounds to lighten the otherwise uninterrupted trend of serious talk; and of course boys to the girls and girls to the boys will be the one topic that will fall from all mouths and fill all ears. If Hitler is mentioned at all (not much will be known about him) it will be to damn him. If Stalin is mentioned — but then Stalin won't be mentioned.

Here and there will be seen stalwart lads carefully placing their books under a tree and bringing forth a football to be tossed back and forth as prelude to a season of educative and healthy sport. This coming semester is to be bigger and better in every way in its production of All-Americans than any semester ever was before. Every university is guaranteed at least three such heroes for its honor roll. It is always a mighty thrill on homecoming day to be able to point out to mother and dad this boy and that one as members of the great mythical team towards which every real American with red blood in his veins aspires. And of course it is such a brilliant feather in the cap of Alma Mater.

On other corners of the campus boys and girls will be noted eating goldfish and golf balls and other innocent and innocuous articles to prove that the spirit of good clean fun still reigns in the heart of youth.

And so the dancing feet will skip on, through the great portals of the different halls, and into the class rooms where the higher learning is to be imparted. After a week or so of getting acquainted, finding out what texts are to be used, and securing these texts, the channels of knowledge will actually be opened to the students, and thirsty minds will drink and drink and drink.

Oh, what a vision! Thousands and thousands of wide open young eyes all over the country staring intently at learned professors lest the least word or gesture be lost and with it some choice kernel of information! Thousands and thousands of pencils scratching hurried notes on cheap pads to be treasured like the gold pieces of Croesus! Thousands

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and thousands of hungry young brains assimilating and digesting facts and figures like so many morsels of rare food falling from the table of an epicure! What a vision indeed!

EACH crowded class room will have its own distinctive lessons. In the school of General Science there will be instructions on the earth, its composition, its products, its geography and geology. The students will learn to answer the question "what is the earth" so well that after class is over an hour will not be sufficient for them to complete the definition were one to ask them to give it. If you insist, they will go on to tell you with surety and precision the exact age of the earth, and when and how all things on it had their origin and happened to turn into the form and species they now possess. Their professor told them all this and that settles the matter. If they only had time, they would look up the data themselves, but there is always too much just ahead to be done in order that the campus might remain the merry and cheery place it should be, to allow for study on such obvious and accepted facts. Besides they find some little difficulty in reading very long without getting sore eyes or a headache.

Naturally there will be no discussion on *why* is the earth. The university is concerned only with knowledge and not with speculation. Any answer to a *why* can never be considered real knowledge, for such an answer will not have any solid foundation in matter such as can be seen and felt and smelled. Thus the students will be well equipped with many facts; but they won't know a great deal of what these facts are all about.

In the School of Medicine most of the time will be taken up in a study of the human body. After a few months even the dullest of students will be able to tell you how many bones and nerves and blood vessels you have; he will be able to discuss the heart and lungs and liver with a ring of genius and almost a smack of satisfaction; and if you are not careful he may drive home his points by doing an exercise on you with a newly purchased scalpel or, for all that, with a pocket jack-knife.

But again he won't be able to tell you *why* is the human body. It may be in existence merely to get a nice even sun tan for all he knows or learns in the class room, or to furnish material for the experiments of doctors. To him it is only so much meat like the carcass of a slain

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pig or the frame of a sick horse. Science has no interest beyond that, for science is concerned only with what is "certain." Most likely the body has no ultimate purpose at all if one desires to descend to that low level of information. Surely the professors hold an opinion something like that and surely they are upheld by the data of their research. Who ever found a soul in a body, or a heaven in the sky, or a hell in the earth? It's preposterous!

In the School of Sociology however there will be most enlightenment. Wise old professors and erudite spinsters will discuss marriage and all that marriage means from the psychical, physical, and social standpoint, withholding and hiding nothing from the minds and from the eyes of the students most of whom will be pretty coeds who are very anxious to make a success of matrimony when the proper soul mate comes along and pops the question. There are so many things to be learned in these matters of which mother and dad had no idea.

Thus the class room in the sociological department will ring with explanations of *what* is marriage and *what* is sex. But there will be a great silence or at most a very incorrect explanation as to *why* is marriage and *why* is sex. God will hardly ever be mentioned during the course because the professor won't be quite sure that God exists. God being eliminated, the purpose of marriage will be made quite obvious. The only difficulty will be that in the light of the new doctrine marriage won't any longer be necessary. And people are not quite ready as yet to accept the demolition of marriage.

AND so the first day of the new school year will blend into the second and the third and the thousandth until at last the finished product will don a cap and gown and amidst much fanfare receive a degree from the eminent president of the university. It will be the symbol that here is an educated person.

With his symbol in his hand the educated person will go out into the world to take his place and put to use the knowledge gained. His likes most likely will lie in the direction of romantic movies, swing music, and picture magazines. His talk will be more or less incoherent, made up of incomplete sentences, snappy "wisecracks" and the latest slang. He will be a grand athlete, an expert dancer, and perhaps possessed of the knowledge of how to build a bridge or how to pull a tooth. But he

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won't know the *why* of anything. Literally he will be able to say "smoke got in my eyes." And some poor old washerwoman who never even saw a university will be more educated than he.

BUT why should we worry?

Parents who send their boys and girls to the non-sectarian colleges gladly assume the responsibility of giving all the answers that their boys and girls do not receive at school. They not only bring the young people home often in order to lecture them on the purpose of their lives, the purpose of the world and of all things on it, but they even call on them on the campus from time to time and strive manfully to supply the knowledge that had to be omitted in the mad rush of the faculty to teach the students the *whatness* of things.

Anyway the boys and girls learned all these answers when they were children and studied the catechism in grade school. Besides they attend Mass on Sunday, and a ten-minute sermon is preached every time except during the summer months when the weather is too hot.

Yes, why should we worry?

Mothers and Fathers know that some day they will be asked to give an account of the children God lent them. Fearing the rigors of that account, they will ask their children once in a while what they are studying and whether or not they go to Mass regularly on Sundays. That's all.

After all, the secular university is cheaper than the others, and affords a young person a better chance of getting ahead in the world.

What is Education?

"I consider a human soul without education," says Addison, "like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties till the skill of the polisher fetches out the colors, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot and vein through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance."

And Philip Sydney adds:

"The final end of all learning is to draw us to as high a perfection as our degenerate souls, made worse by their clay lodgings, can be capable of."

THOUGHT FOR THE SHUT-IN

L. F. HYLAND

Psychological attitudes play a great part in the peace and happiness of our souls. Surround a man with all kinds of luxuries, and yet let him be afflicted with a sour attitude towards himself and others and he will be as unhappy as you might expect a beggar to be. But give a beggar a right outlook and he will turn out to be the merriest, happiest mortal you ever met. That's how we got a St. Francis of Assisi—the singing saint.

An attitude that shut-ins can take, that will create a lot of sunshine in the sick-room, is that "being sick is a job." It is really a task, a work, a calling, a vocation. It fulfills all the elements of a real vocation. It has a purpose. It requires the exercise of many faculties. It accomplishes great things.

It certainly has a purpose. Every form of evil in the world has some reference to sin. Atheists like to say there is no God because if there were, there would be no pain in the world. The believer answers that sophistry very simply by saying: There is a God, there is rebellion against God in the world of free human beings, and therefore there must be evil and pain. Now pain can be either a pure punishment for sin, as it will be in hell, or it can be a corrective and purifier. It can be a corrective and purifier of one's own sins, on earth or in Purgatory, or of the sins of others, and it can be such only on earth. That is the great purpose pain can always have—atonement for the sins of those who "know not what they do."

Being sick is a job, too, because it requires the exercise of many faculties. The mind, for example: it makes the mind think, understand, believe. The will: it exercises the free will in the noblest of all the activities of freedom, that whereby the will says to God: Thy will be done. It engages all the passions—love, hate, desire, horror, anger, etc. It gives them opportunities unnumbered of submitting to the dictates of virtue—so that the task is never ended. And when the job is taken seriously, it makes saints out of sinners, believers out of atheists, cheerful people out of grumblers and complainers, and in a certain sense, heaven out of earth.

Being sick is a job. It's like carrying mail or firing a boiler or running a business, or preaching the Gospel. Let's be among those who hate to fall down on the job!

CORA

Cora was different. Cora could do what a thousand others had not been able to do. Cora is a girl on your street and mine — in every city, in every parish.

W. T. CULLEN

THERE is nothing quite so fruitless as trying to make a girl in love believe that she is marrying the wrong man, wrong merely because he happens to belong to another or no faith.

It matters little what one brings forward of the lives of others, unhappiness, failure, the hosts of mixed-married fallen by the wayside, gone from the Faith; her case will not be like that, her married life will always be something apart, of another sort, always, always otherwise.

Such is the tale of Cora, who was Catholic, and Earl, who was not, and how that wild horses could not keep Cora from rushing headlong into the sea of wedded bliss where all would be otherwise than one heard, let us say, in priest-house parlours, or read, again let us say, in pious booklets, and how in the aftermath looking back on life and loss of faith, there came a time for rueful thought and casting about in mind, and perhaps for prayer, but then, very like the bogies of the priest-house parlour and the pious booklet, it was very, very nearly too late.

Cora worked every day in an office, where clerks were hired for what they might know and do and in no wise given leave to make free with the company's time. It was not a setting chock-full of fun and romance. It was rather a drab and dull round of toil for daily bread in which one welcomed the stroke of six, glad of the hour on the homeward bus, thankful to be away, keeping the mind off the morrow.

Cora was what the papers never fail to call a devout Catholic; her father and mother were devout Catholics, likewise the rest of the family. Devout Catholics, rightly so-called, are people who keep the laws of God and the Church, and add something of their own, over and above; and true, Cora and her family did this perhaps as well as the next.

Plainly then the tale of Cora could be given as thorough a Catholic back-ground as the facts warranted. The girl a daughter of Catholic

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folk, a child of the Christian school and home, everything in and about the family life, the circle of close friends, pleasures and the like, thoughts and interests, everything Catholic; boy-friends coming upon the scene, dance partners, fellows to call and bring one home, fellows stopping in at the house and that sort of thing, all Catholic; all, that is, except Earl.

WHY, therefore, would she have to fall head over heels in love with Earl, feeling that life just was not worth the while if it were to go on without Earl, listening to sweet nothings in the happy, foolish way that earmarks love when love is young (or old, for that matter) without much caring if the half were true or not?

Maybe, one might be given to think, it was an uprising against workaday life, an eschewal of the humdrum, a yearning for change, a feeling without reason there of a sudden, in answer to a surging within, taking one by storm, sweeping one away, soul and body.

Be that as it may, the two went out together time and again, and he was always the gentleman; she had him in to know the family better, and they rather liked him; she asked him to church at times, and he went; he earned fair pay and did not drink or gamble; and what more could one look for? The family, however, looked for more.

There was that one thing standing between Cora and marriage, a barrier which to Cora did not loom as high as it might, although it now became a matter of earnest talk between herself and her people, and later, after some unpleasantness, between herself and her pastor; and this good man, pointing to the pitfalls ahead, begged her to tarry, to pray and look into her heart and leave things yet a while in the hands of God. For it was a way, he said, in which there was no turning, and a rash step in the beginning could mean ruin.

But Cora met all misgivings readily enough, sure that she had found a soul-mate, and that everything would be right by-and-by, and Earl was very fair-minded and kind and good, and not at all narrow, and she loved him, and she was going to marry him, whether or no.

So the old pastor gave up with a warning, bidding her bring him the husband-to-be for the talks called for by Church law, and they were married in the priest-house, Earl giving all due promises and gaily signing all writs and papers, and away they were, embarking on wedded life, one in all but the most needful, faith.

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And from there on, of course, it was much the same as a hundred thousand like it, before and after, and never a need of force or villainy or underhand means to point the moral, only because there was no call for these when the wear and tear of daily life could do the harm as well.

And here, lest one ask too much of the mixed-marriage story, let it be remembered that it was mostly to do with the commonplace; for when all is said and done, in that lies the lure and therefore the greater danger: shadows beckoning on the hearth, and sooner or later one yields.

AS FOR Earl, he did not, to be sure, forbid her going to church, first or last, even so much as rising now and then to go along, though he soon found that a man needs his sleep, and Sunday morning was as good a time for that as any; and because she hated to have him at home taking breakfast alone, it meant a quite early Mass for her, or a late Mass, both of which had their drawbacks.

And, too, though he had thoroughly agreed with the spirit behind the Friday law, he was nothing loth to own that to him meatless meals were wholly a waste of time, not that he would dream of keeping her from fish or eggs as often as the fish days came around; and so on.

Then after a time, there was the matter of going to the Sacraments, and if more than one Catholic couple tangle here for selfish reasons, what of those who do not see eye to eye in things of faith?

For Cora was as thrifty as Earl was steady, and at that they saw they made ends meet with but little to spare; and Earl did not think it wise having another in the family quite so soon, though Cora, for all her clinging ways, wanted another very much, for she knew the law of God well enough, and, lest she should forget, her mother served as a reminder.

Still that kind of thing cannot go on forever, and while there was someone to speak to her of faith and unselfishness and that He who sends the burden sends the means, who, on the other hand, but herself was to speak to Earl? Earl, who said he wanted to be just, but that a newcomer a year was not fair either to herself or to him, every two or three years, perhaps, if things went well; and in the meanwhile she found it not easy telling her sins or trying to better matters, and after a while she stopped.

Now it may be, at this turn, one would say she should have prayed and asked the help of God and grace to make the best of a bad job.

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But she did not look on it as a bad job; she was still in love, and she kept busy with Earl and the house and new friends, who brought new pleasures and pastimes, and, to her thinking they got on well enough.

Then, too, she had slackened in her prayers, such as they were, having fairly well slackened all along the line, not knowing that God gives help as a welder forges a chain, link upon link, the graces lost weakening the tie that stretches through to the hour of death.

And thus the years went by. The two boys, when they came, were baptized, and under her mother's care they made their first Communion, though in their life of faith they never went far beyond that. Because while Earl said nothing against a Catholic training, giving it in fact scarcely a thought, Cora in spite of her mother's urgings could not bear to send the children so far to the nun's school while a fine modern day-school stood nearby in the next block.

AND then in a few years she found with a start that they had already grown, ready to go into high school, which meant, of course, not the Brothers', but the school used by the wealthier folk of the city, under Episcopal headship; for it was really caste that mattered more to Cora, climbing as they now were at a fair rate, Earl bettering his standing day by day with those higher up, becoming a lodge brother, gaining for himself, once and for all, a place in the sun.

The boys went ahead, year after year, school-term, college, out and settling into business, and, at last, that which cannot be put off — love; and the elder ready and waiting for the lady of his choice to name a day. For he was now twenty-three, the same age as Cora when first she thought life could not go one without Earl, the bride-to-be a year younger, of a known family in the town, and what with the parents' blessing, and parties no end, and lengthy splurges in the papers, the wedding date was set for late summer, a morning church affair amid a large gathering.

The morning came, Cora and Earl in the church before the chancel rail, friends, and kinsmen all about, the altar banked in flower and fern, the organ trilling along a wedding march, the waiting parson in bands and gown, the groom at the vestry door, the bride coming slowly through the aisle on the arm of her father.

A sight it was which Cora had often witnessed before, more than once in this same place, pretty, to be sure, and moving, and meaningful

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in its charming way; and she was fond of it for all that she herself had not been married with all this seeming pomp and great to-do.

Her father and mother had knelt at the altar of old Saint Mary's, with joy and faith plighting life's troth before God and His holy Church; and she was rather glad they were not here today, for it would hurt them knowing their offspring had strayed thus far within these few years, their own grandson standing here under the bare rood-tree of Saint Mark's, taking to himself a helpmate who gave perhaps little more thought than he to the lasting holiness of these vows haltingly uttered.

She found herself wondering what they would say, and something within, like a feeling of sickness, rose for the moment, chilling the glow in her heart, a cold breath amid the warmth and gladness of the day.

She wondered would they upbraid her, going back through the years of her wifehood, her motherhood, pointing to the graces cast aside, the helps unheeded, the souls in her care yet unwon.

She wondered would they think her a charge ill-placed, a trust betrayed, herself a false mother in Israel, squandering the birth-right of her children, scorning her own soul and theirs.

She glanced about in this abode of lifeless stone, seeing anew its aloof primness, its smug outward forms, a thing reared as her own life, a mistaken law unto itself.

She thought of warnings long fulfilled, the quiet struggle of belief and unbelief, the noiseless clash of ideals; she, the loser, dreaming it could have been otherwise, the heart ruling and not the head, God and faith—everything shunted aside to have and hold a man, living the life he chose to lead, thinking his thought, following his ways.

Beside her he sat, this husband, leagues removed from that household of the Faith whither she had sworn to lead the way. Before her stood a son, marrying at the altar of a church she knew to be false. Children as yet unborn would seek their souls at her hand; on her head not only her own life gone awry, empty of God, but theirs.

Love, it was true, and wealth and standing and ties of home and children were far and away the richest gifts the world bestows. Yet love, she had been taught, worthy of the name, was meant to bless and fill and lift above itself the wedded life, to help one look to God with peace and trust and a sense of duty done.

Hers, she knew, would hardly come to that.

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AND now the rites were drawing to an end, all rising for a last blessing; in a few moments making ready to leave, wishes of happiness and well-being pouring in from all sides, on the happy couple and on themselves.

She strove to keep a hold on thoughts flitting about her mind, others taking shape, settling into view, struggling, as it seemed, to reach the will.

If one, she asked, were to strive putting aright a past as hers, atoning in sorrow and works and prayer, giving an earnest in what was left of life of heartfelt grief. . . .

If one dared pray that such a loss be covered by hope, stricken forth by love and goodness and mercy from above. . . .

If one might know a means, an unfailing aid, a way safe and sure for the heart seeking pardon. . . .

For not all who cry: Lord, Lord, shall be saved.

The wasted years were gone; the follies, the weakness, the ravages beyond mend.

One could not go backward; one must go ahead in the time that was left.

And, the thought smote grievously, if by a wonder of grace she, herself, were saved, what of those she had set adrift on the sea of godlessness?

It was all, she had said, to be otherwise.

If it had but been otherwise at the beginning: a little more faith, a little firmness, a little of that uncommon gift mistaken for common sense.

How much it all had really meant; how much the warning cry: Marry your own.

The man who cared enough, who, beside love, gave respect, should see the need of believing alike in the things of God.

And if not—if taught in the truths of faith, he still found these teachings beyond belief, then, at the best, he was a hazard to the soul; at least, not the husband to show forth in marriage the love and union of Christ with His Church.

The wedding party had come forth, the greetings gone the rounds, the last of the guests stepped forward to grasp her hand and say a word in farewell.

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MARRY your own, the slogan still clung, make them your own beforehand or quit them; and if the wrenching away at first be cruel, how much worse in the evening of life to look on shipwreck of faith, on children half-heathen, on careless guilt and useless regret; and wait, wait to give answer for and as sure as God is God to have, in return, judgment on a married life which might have been otherwise but seldom is, begotten of not too strong faith and too eager love, fruitful more than often of sin — sometimes scandalous, sometimes apostate, sometimes unforgiven.

"My dear," a kindly dame came closer to whisper, "I know you must be so happy. I always do a bit of crying too, at one of these affairs. I find them so truly touching."

JENNY'S SECRET

Simplicity,
Though flawlessly
Expounded by the sage,
Consistently,
Escaped from me
Across the printed page.

*

Until, upon
A summer lawn,
I saw a miss of ten,
Ignore
Sir Splendid Oriole,
To chat with Jenny Wren.

— F. Lee.

MOMENTS AT MASS

The Prayer Called Collect

F. A. BRUNNER

After the *Dominus vobiscum* the priest goes to the Epistle side of the altar—to the worshiper's right—and with arms outstretched and head bowed to the cross, he chants, "Let us pray," and continues with a prayer. This prayer is called a "collect." To the formula which closes the prayer the people respond, *Amen*—"so may it be!"—Frequently this first prayer is followed by others, either in commemoration of some saint's day or other festival, or in petition for some special favor.

1. History:

As it now stands in the Mass, the collect would seem to initiate the service of readings and psalms; especially is this true if the *Gloria* is sung. Taking history into account, however, it would probably be more correct to say that the collect forms the conclusion of the *Kyrie* or litany, for originally this prayer was said when the people had assembled for the procession—hence the Latin term *ad collectam*, "at the assembly"—and had done singing the songs which whiled away the time of gathering. When later the assembly at a separate church was discontinued, the ceremonial was so readjusted that the collect was sung immediately after the processional chants in the church where Mass was said.

2. Form:

Prayer-book users, accustomed to fulsome sentimental prayers, are frequently disappointed on first studying the prayers of the Missal. But scholars are at one in lauding the beauty of these ancient Roman prayers. Lofty in thought, forceful and rhythmic in style, they rank high among the finer compositions of Latin church literature. The older prayers are terse, almost austere, poems marked by genuine vigor and restraint and yet revealing accurate and deep theological thought. More modern collects lack the simplicity of the older compositions, but not the doctrinal depth.

The exterior form of the collect is quite uniform. Five parts in all: (1) the introductory formula, "Let us pray"—to show the union of priest and people in the prayer that follows; (2) the address—for example, "O almighty God"; (3) the statement of the petition, its motives, its object; (4) the conclusion, "Through our Lord Jesus Christ," etc., or some variation of this type; and (5) the response of the congregation, "Amen," that is, May this petition be granted.

ETCHINGS FROM LIFE

Place of Pilgrimage — St. Anne de Beaupre

D. F. MILLER

YOU take the road that runs northeast out of Quebec, paralleling the St. Lawrence river. The river cannot prevent the road from curving and twisting its way through the villages that spread out all along your route. Yet the hill that rises slowly but climbs quite high off the whole length of the river here effectively keeps the twisting and turning from ever leading you far out of sight of the water. For twenty miles you weave your way, and then suddenly you see, looming up before your eyes, as if to block your further progress, a huge basilica of grey stone. You are in the town of St. Anne de Beaupre. The Church is her miraculous shrine.

You know, long before you reach the Church itself, that you are in the midst of a place of widespread religious fame. You know it by the fact that the main street is lined with shops and stalls and booths offering every kind of religious article for sale. The French villagers are not wasting the opportunity presented by the annual visit of tens of thousands of pilgrims to the great Shrine; and they will not, if they can help it, let anyone approach the church without a rosary or a prayer-book or a pocketful of medals. Besides the religious article stores, which just about make up the business section, there are hotels and tourist camps of almost every description, and for each a French lad or two by the roadside soliciting your business.

But we shall presume that you have your necessary religious articles or that you prefer to wait to procure what you need at the Shrine itself. Also you have your reservations at a hotel or with the Sisters at the sanitorium. You have come to make a part or all of the great annual novena in honor of St. Anne. These are some of the memories you will carry away with you when your stay is ended, memories which more than probably will bring you back to the Shrine again if the future will make it at all possible.

1.

YOU can't forget morning Mass at the Shrine of St. Anne. Perhaps we should say rather, the morning Masses, because they begin

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before six o'clock and go on till almost noon. It is not unusual to be able to count as many as sixty or seventy Masses of a morning, and on some days there are over a hundred.

You may attend the Mass being celebrated at the high altar if you wish. Most of the Masses there are High Masses, chanted by male voices so sonorous and clear that they ring like bells throughout the enormous church. If you have developed a taste for real Gregorian chant, you will be carried away by the ability of the chanters to sing it as it should be sung — down to the last note of the difficult runs in the propers of the Mass. If you have never heard Gregorian music, hearing it at the Shrine will make you realize why it is prescribed in the Letter of Pope Pius X.

Or if you prefer, you may attend Mass at one of the Shrine altars in the Church. There are a dozen or so of these. The chief one is that which has over the tabernacle the largest relic of St. Anne — a part of the wrist bone. This relic, though encased in a fire-proof reliquary, was severely damaged by the heat when the former basilica was destroyed by the flames; yet scientists found it impossible to explain the fact that instead of crumbling away, the exterior of the relic melted as though it were soft, pliable flesh. The "Grand Relic" altar stands about twenty feet from the large miraculous statue of St. Anne, where people may be seen kneeling at any time during the day, and where innumerable crutches, braces, canes, etc., have been left by those who felt themselves cured.

Wherever you attend Mass, you have as a spur to your devotion the sight of hundreds and often thousands of people kneeling to adore the Lamb of God, or standing and waiting a turn at one of the eighteen confessionals that line the walls of the body of the Church; or walking to and fro from the Communion rail, where they receive their Savior. Few are the moments that pass without a priest at the altar rail with ciborium in hand. You wonder where the people come from; you see great throngs leaving the Church after hearing one or two or half a dozen Masses, and their places taken almost immediately by others. You see two, three, and sometimes four priests giving out Holy Communion, carrying ciboria that hold 1,000 or 2,000 hosts, being relieved by other priests when they have been walking up and down for half an hour or more, and still the work not finished.

It is these morning hours that convince you that St. Anne's Shrine

is not merely a place to which people come in order to ask for material favors. They come to adore God, to offer the sacrifice of His Son, to receive Him in Holy Communion, to prove to the whole world that they believe "in Jesus Christ the Son of God, in the Holy Catholic Church, and in the Communion of Saints." Most of them know that the Communion of Saints comes after belief in God, and every morning at the Shrine they show it by crowding about Holy Mass.

2.

LEISURELY, during the day, the pilgrims visit the various Shrines that represent almost every popular form of devotion in the Catholic world. As adjuncts to the miraculous statue of St. Anne and the basilica itself, these are the only attractions of the entire town, apart from the gorgeous scenery that nature has provided in abundance. People come to St. Anne's to pray, and there they are preserved from the fanfare of worldly attractions and amusements that seem to spring up like magic in other places where thousands gather. Here there are no theatres, no movies, no taverns, no ferris wheels, no gambling games. This, we repeat, is a place for the pilgrim who wants to pray.

There are replicas of holy shrines from the world over. There is the *Scala Sancta* in imitation of the Holy Stairs used by our Blessed Lord in the palace of Pilate at the beginning of his Passion. At any time during the day pilgrims may be seen climbing it on their knees, little enough hardship, they think, in comparison with the pain endured by the Savior on such a stairs. The *Scala Sancta* is in the same building that houses the Grotto of the Agony, with its beautiful representations of the Savior's suffering in Gethsemani. Not far from there is the Grotto of Lourdes, with spring water constantly flowing as in the original. These Shrines are placed along the foot of the hill that is surmounted by the convent of Redemptoristine nuns, whose chapel of St. Gerard is open to pilgrims. They may climb the hill and enter the chapel, but never a sight of a Redemptoristine nun will they gain, for these are among the most strictly cloistered nuns in the entire world. They hear Mass each morning behind a grate in the side wall of the chapel, and a tiny circular door slides back at the Communion of the Mass, through which they receive. Only the priest who gives them Communion catches a glimpse of the beautiful red and blue habit that they wear in imitation of the clothing worn by the Redeemer whose name they bear.

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Between the grottoes and the convent of the Redemptoristines the Way of the Cross winds back and forth up the side of the hill until it reaches the top. If there are more beautiful outdoor stations anywhere in the land, this pilgrim has not seen them. Each one is made up of four or five life size figures in bronze, on stone platforms ten to fifteen feet long set in the side of the hill. The groupings and the expressions are the work of genius and cannot fail to inspire devotion.

The basilica itself houses not only the famous miraculous image of St. Anne. That, of course, is its central feature, situated on its high pedestal, with the flaming rays playing about the figure, and its constant cordon of pilgrims kneeling about the railing that surrounds it. But the sanctuary, the naves, the vestibule of the basilica all have their altars and statues. The Mother of Perpetual Help has her altar, as in every Redemptorist Church throughout the world. St. Alphonsus and St. Gerard and St. Clement are not forgotten. And pilgrims from any part of the world find at least one of their favorite saints honored in some niche or on some altar, and slip apart from the throng to pay their respects and to offer a few prayers. Beneath the basilica proper is a downstairs church for the overflow crowds on Sunday and special feastdays. Behind the sacristy of this downstairs Church is the only religious article store conducted by the Fathers who have charge of the Shrine. There any kind of religious article or souvenir can be obtained. For the convenience of pilgrims, a priest is stationed in the sanctuary of the lower church at every hour of the day, to accommodate visitors by blessing and indulgencing their religious articles.

3.

THE daily exercises in the making of the great novena preceding the Feast of St. Anne are these: Mass and Communion in the morning, Novena services in the afternoon, Stations of the Cross in the evening, followed, on every other day, by the great procession. The services in the afternoon are for English pilgrims, the French having their Stations in the afternoon and services in the Church in the evening. The services in the afternoon consist of Rosary, prayers, sermon, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Afterwards there is always veneration of the relic of St. Anne. The people throng to the Communion rail, and three or four priests pass up and down offering them the handsomely encased relics to be kissed. Then the sick are wheeled

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up close to the sanctuary and a priest blesses each one with the relic.

The evening exercises lift one up pretty close to heaven itself. They begin with the outdoor stations of the cross. At about seven o'clock anywhere from a couple of hundred to a thousand pilgrims are gathered about the little chapel which was the original shrine of St. Anne, and which is located not far from the first station. All have booklets with the prayers used for the Way of the Cross. The priest in charge of the Novena appears and says the opening prayer with the people. Then the whole cortege begins the journey. The path from Station to Station is wide and all move along together, the priest in their midst. At each Station they stop, and because of the ascent, the leader can gaze out over all the people stretching down the hill as far as fifty or a hundred yards in a close packed audience. It is difficult to overcome the inspiration to preach a few words, what with the beautiful representation of the Station itself and the reverent, eager attitude of the throng. The hill at one's back makes a natural shell, and the towering stone of the basilica and the monastery across the street from the hill provides a resonant sounding board. And so one speaks of those everlasting lessons that rush into one's mind when beholding the Saviour carrying His Cross, falling beneath it, being nailed upon it, and dying. . . . Then all the pilgrims unite their voices in prayers appropriate to each Station. The journey may take as long as an hour, but there are no signs of weariness or fatigue; and even the aged and infirm, the lame and the crippled, the blind leaning on the arms of friends, may be seen a resolute and cheerful part of the throng.

By the time the Way of the Cross is completed, the services for the French will be almost ended in Church, and the English speaking pilgrims join them there for the beginning of the great procession. Everyone provides himself with a candle and an ornate colored shield on which are printed the choruses of the hymns to be sung. Cross bearer and acolyte set out from the sanctuary, and the people fall in, not two by two, because with ten or fifteen thousand people marching such a formation would reach almost to Quebec. They crowd in anywhere, and march along, singing with all their hearts. At one place in the procession four men carry a small statue of St. Anne fixed on a dais; at another the large relic is carried on a throne. The course of the procession is up the side of the hill past the Stations, where the path doubles back on itself three times, so that the line of pilgrims may be

seen on three different levels of the hillside at the same time. Darkness falls during the procession and then the hill becomes a dark mass in the background, cut three ways by the flickering candlelight that moves slowly along. And the night air is filled with music, for there is no fervor in the world like that of St. Anne's pilgrims singing "O Good Saint Anne" and "Ave Maris Stella" and "Laudamus, Laudamus Annam" (We praise St. Anne). On the eve of the feast of St. Anne a military touch is added to the procession, for the Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec marches at the end, surrounded by a cordon of Zouaves, with their brightly colored uniforms, muskets on their shoulders, and a drummer beating with subdued staccato strokes to keep the Zouaves in perfect military step. At the foot of the hill a brass band peals out a background to the singing of the thousands.

The climax of the procession comes when the marchers re-enter the Church. At that precise point the male chanters, with their sturdy voices, raise the first strains of the *Magnificat*. The Church has been darkened, and only the candlelight of the pilgrims illuminates its vastness. As the chanters finish each verse of the *Magnificat*, the thousands of marching pilgrims thrust their candles high into the air and sing with one great triumphant voice "Magnificat, magnificat anima mea Dominum." And to the watcher the earth fades into a hazy background; with the raising of the candles and the mighty song ringing in his ears, he is carried aloft unto as close an approach to the throne of God as he will ever know on earth. As the last note of the *Magnificat* dies away the lights go up, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is given.

4.

TIME cannot dim memories like these. But there are many other happenings of the Novena that linger in the mind. If you chance to see the arrival of a great pilgrimage during your stay, you will not easily forget it. You may be privileged to see the arrival of the throng from the maritime provinces of Canada, a thousand miles away. Their special train stops fifty yards from the door of the basilica. It has been on the way three or four days. The people stream from the coaches and pullmans. They form at once into a procession and march into the Church singing and praying. They have brought their sick and crippled, and wheel-chairs are waiting for these at the train steps. Many of these people are descendants of the Acadians, and their simple, beautiful faith has not been dimmed through the years. They will teach you, dur-

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ing their brief stay, what fervor and devotion mean.

Or you may even see a miracle, or what to your eyes cannot otherwise be explained. No one who saw it will forget the wonderful thing that happened during the Cardinal's pontifical Mass on the Feast Day this year. A young mother, having carried her little girl of four, who had never walked, into the Church, finds the child leaving her arms and walking to the statue of St. Anne. No evidence there that the child's spine had been hopelessly crippled; no evidence even that the little girl had never taken any lessons in walking, as the most healthy child must do. The child walks, chuckling and smiling, unafraid of the crowd, in which many a mother's eyes fill with sudden tears. Yet on the spot it does not seem strange that things like this should happen. You have seen the ages of faith revived; the other worldliness of true Christianity a hundred times displayed; you cannot feel it as totally unexpected that heaven should reach down and touch the earth, where earth had risen to touch the heavens.

Through all these things St. Anne's great Shrine leaves its ineffable impression upon your soul. It is a place visibly blessed by God and his saints; a place hallowed by the tread of millions and consecrated by the endless flow of prayers that rises from it to God. You came to pray; you came to be united in the closest of all unions with your fellow-men, that of suffering and charity and prayer; you came to ask for favors, and without some supernatural favor you did not go away.

No Reader Interest

An Alabama editorial writer had a prejudice against writing editorials for anniversaries. He maintained that nobody ever read them anyway. One year near the 4th of July he decided to break through his prejudice and write a Fourth of July editorial because the local community seemed unusually interested in celebrating the great day. So he sat down and wrote a glowing editorial on the birth of the Federal Constitution.

It was only at breakfast the next morning that on reading his paper he noticed that he had glorified the wrong event. He quickly wrote an editorial for the following day, memorializing the Declaration of Independence, and prepared to withstand the "kidding" he would have to take for his mistake. However he need not have worried. Not a soul had noticed the blunder he had made. He became more firm than ever in his prejudice against anniversary editorials.

QUESTION OF THE MONTH

What is the true explanation of the phrase: "Outside the Catholic Church there is no salvation?"

In these terms it was that St. Cyprian expressed the conviction of the early Christians. An analysis of the grounds for the Church's claim to be the one and only institution wherein all men shall attain eternal blessedness will show the reasonableness of the statement.

1. The Catholic Church as the Mystical Body of Christ and as the realization in this world of the kingdom of God is established as the church of all humanity. The Church aims at incorporating the men of all times and all places in the one mystic Body of the Savior, and hence her "exclusiveness" is as inevitable as her catholicity.

2. This exclusiveness is rooted in:

a) The exclusiveness of Christ himself. Jesus claimed to be the bringer of new wisdom, to be the way, the truth, and the life. In him was the fulness of the godhead. He, God incarnate, was the last and most perfect self-revelation of the divinity. And therefore no road can lead to God except through Christ. But we can grasp Christ only through those visible and sensible agents which he established in this world — the sacraments and the Church which administers them.

b) The exclusiveness of the Church's authority. It was Christ's wish to save all men by bringing them under the teaching, ruling, and sanctifying powers of the Church. He might, it is true, have imparted himself and his grace to all men directly in some personal experience. But in fact He willed to give himself to men through men in a corporate group which he founded under his Apostles. "He that heareth you, heareth me, and he that despiseth you, despiseth me; and he who despiseth me despiseth him that sent me."

c) The exclusiveness of truth. Truth must always be intolerant. Truth cannot compromise. When our Lord called the Pharisees whitened sepulchers and a brood of vipers he was not inspired by any sort of hatred of individuals but by the tremendous and vivid conviction that what is true is true. Ideas of truth cannot vary.

3. But the declaration that salvation cannot be found outside the Catholic Church is aimed not at individuals but at communions. There is but one Christ and hence but one Body of Christ. But men individually may be saved though they have remained outside the one true Church, if they have never deliberately rejected the claims of the true Church, and if they have lived in fidelity to their conscience.

LABOR AND LOGIC

Not only labor has often suffered in the economic debacle, but logic has likewise widely flouted. Herein is given a simple example in point, re the C. I. O.

R. J. MILLER

WHEN one of our honest non-Catholic friends approaches us with the proposition that the Catholic Church is the woman of sin because some of his Catholic neighbors have cheated him in business, or because the lives of certain Popes of history or certain Catholic politicians of the present day are a scandal to the world, our best reply is to ask him not to condemn our organization by the record of its bad members only. On that basis he would have to condemn the American Revolutionary Army of '76 because of the treason of Benedict Arnold, and the Twelve Apostles because of the betrayal of Judas Iscariot. Rather, we ask him to examine the general constitution, the aims and ideals of any organization as the basis of judging whether it is good or bad. We hand him the catechism, or the *Faith of Our Fathers*, and ask him to form his opinion of the Catholic Church on the basis of the aims and ideals and the constitution of the Church therein described. If the lives of his dishonest Catholic neighbors or of the Popes or politicians he denounces fail to square with what he finds therein, then the logical conclusion must be not that the Church itself is bad, but that while the Church is good, it has unfortunately, some bad members, whose lives do not square with what its constitution prescribes. And incidentally we might put in the request that even in the matter of the lives of bad Catholics, let him not be too eager to credit the enemies of the Church about the crimes of Catholics; but let him give ear also to what her friends may have to say about the alleged evils in the lives of the Popes and prelates of history.

Now about the C.I.O.

When one of our honest non-C.I.O. friends approaches us with the proposition that the C.I.O. is communistic because some C.I.O. members are alleged to have caused trouble in a certain factory, or because some C.I.O. members are alleged to belong to the Communist party, the reasonable thing is to ask him to refrain from condemning the entire

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C.I.O. as Communistic just on the alleged showing of some of its members, but rather to examine the official constitution of the C.I.O. and then judge of the activities of its members on the basis of how they square with this constitution. And incidentally we might put in the request that in judging even of the activities of members of the C.I.O., he be not too eager to credit the testimony of its enemies, but occasionally give an honest hearing also to its friends.

Now what about this Constitution of the C.I.O.?

The aims and ideals, or the "objects" of the C.I.O., as set down in its written constitution, adopted at the constitutional convention at Pittsburgh in November, 1938, — a convention, by the way, which was opened with prayer by a Catholic priest — are as follows:

"The objects of the Organization are:

1. *To bring about the effective organization of the working men and women of America regardless of race, creed, color or nationality, and to unite them for common action into labor unions for their mutual aid and protection.*

2. *To extend the benefits of collective bargaining and to secure for the workers means to establish peaceful relations with their employers, by forming labor unions capable of dealing with modern aggregates of industry and finance.*

3. *To maintain determined adherence to obligations and responsibilities under collective bargaining and wage agreements.*

4. *To secure legislation safeguarding economic security and social welfare of the workers of America, to protect and extend our democratic institutions and civil rights and liberties and thus to perpetuate the cherished traditions of our democracy."*

The thoughtful and honest Catholic reader of these "objects" of the C.I.O. must be struck by the remarkable way in which they are in agreement with the Papal Encyclicals "Rerum Novarum" and "Quadragesimo Anno." For a union in the United States, they could hardly be worded differently if they were written by a theologian and student of the Encyclicals who wanted to do nothing but put the prescriptions of the Encyclicals into actual practice.

"Mutual aid and protection," "Collective bargaining," "Peaceful relations with employers," "determined adherence to obligations," "legislation safeguarding economic security and social welfare of the workers," — these ideas occur time and time again in the Encyclicals; they are — the cornerstone of the C.I.O.!

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Of course, the question may be raised: has every member of the C.I.O. always acted in accordance with these principles?

And the answer is: No; no more than every member of the Catholic Church has always kept every one of the Ten Commandments and the Six Precepts.

Individual members of the C.I.O. have at times failed to live up to the prescriptions of their organization, just as individual Catholics at times fail to live up to the prescriptions of the Catholic Church; but surely it is not fair to brand the whole C.I.O. as Communistic because of the activities of some of its unworthy members who disregard its constitution, just as it is not fair to brand the whole Catholic Church as evil because of the evil of some of its unworthy members who disregard its laws.

It might however be alleged that not just certain individuals, but the majority of C.I.O. members are opposed to "peaceful relations with employers."

But if this is so, how could the majority of the delegates at the constitutional convention vote to put the objective of "peaceful relations with employers" into their written constitution?

As regards the actual record of the C.I.O., we might ask our honest opponent of the C.I.O. not to give credit too implicitly to the testimony of its enemies. On the face of it, this testimony — as given in the daily papers — often seems to bear the signs of intolerance, or even of hysteria. The actual record, while revealing the excesses of certain individuals or groups, will at the same time show a very considerable amount of effort for "determined adherence to obligations and responsibilities under collective bargaining," and for "peaceful relations with employers."

While the honest Catholic may well be gratified by the objectives of the C.I.O. as written into its constitution, and in the main by the showing of its record even before the Constitution — the convinced Communist will find the C.I.O. constitution something that he simply cannot accept if he is to remain a Communist.

"Peaceful relations with employers": in the red lexicon of Communism there is no such thing as "peaceful relations with employers"! Class war! Expoliate the exspoliators! Down with the bosses! These are the ideals of Communism. It is doubtful if even in the most united of united fronts, when Communism strives to water down its true objec-

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tives to the very minimum, the true Communist, or the true Marxist of any stripe, will go so far as to call for "peaceful relations with employers." Between the official objectives of the C.I.O. and those of Communism there is all the difference of "peaceful relations" and "class war."

Communists have got into the C.I.O. in some localities; this seems clear. But a Communist working under the C.I.O. constitution is at a serious disadvantage. He cannot cite the C.I.O. constitution, at least to support his efforts for class war.

But the honest Catholic can subscribe to the C.I.O. constitution unreservedly. It applies the teaching of the Papal encyclicals to the United States; and if, unfortunately, there are subversive elements boring from within the C.I.O., the honest Catholic has the force of the C.I.O. constitution itself to aid him in his efforts to rid the organization of such elements and to make it truly worthy of its noble and its Christian objectives.

—Young Guards—

In Holland there has been inaugurated an organization of boys between the ages of 12 and 17 called the "Young Guards." The movement incorporates most of the fine things that enter into the training of Boy Scouts, but puts ahead of all this a thorough-going discipline in Christian and Catholic principles. A summary of the principal requirements of the Young Guard includes:

A thorough knowledge of Holy Mass; the cultivation of love of the Missions by saving for them and corresponding with a missionary; knowledge of the Church; signalling in Morse; guide-work; first-aid; skill at making and repairing several things; making a report and debating; sketching and map-reading.

The code of the Young Guards is as follows:

"A Young Guard is proud of his faith.

"A Young Guard seeks his strength in Holy Communion.

"A Young Guard obeys his parents and the authorities.

"A Young Guard is saving, moderate and simple.

"A Young Guard is good for anybody and an example for all."

MARRIAGE RE-MEDITATED

How these modern philosophers, such as Will Durant, love to write on important topics like marriage! They begin with affected humility, and end by assuming the authority of God to reform His own work. You'll pity Durant and the whole confused modern tribe when you finish this article.

C. DUHART

NOT so very long ago, an article written by Will Durant appeared in the pages of the Saturday Evening Post, entitled, "Meditation on Marriage." The most excellent and the truest part of the entire article was the first sentence, "Marriage is the first subject that a fool will talk about, and the last that a wise man will write about; for it is as easy to be a fool on marriage as in it." Our only regret is that Mr. Durant did not apply this bit of sage wisdom to himself and spare us one more sample of Horace's famous phrase: "The mountains groaned, and out came a mouse."

Accompanied by the usual fanfare and external appearance of seasoned scholarship, the "Meditation on Marriage" is a typically shallow product of modern philosophy concerning a fundamental of human existence.

Suppose after Eli Whitney invented the "Cotton Gin," some upstart had proposed to use the machine without any recourse to its creator on the subject of its nature, its purpose, or its operation. Suppose some half-wit encountering one of the first telephones, and spurning any thought of asking Alexander Bell about its use or reason for existence, had promptly determined to employ it as a hammer for driving nails. Well, that is Will Durant's position in regard to marriage.

Neither of these persons would have acted nearly as foolishly as the man who would propose to write about Marriage and disregard God's relation to that institution entirely. Perhaps Will Durant is only very forgetful. In his *History of Philosophy*, which won some degree of acclaim, he forgot the philosophy of the Middle Ages almost completely. In his "Meditation on Marriage," an article of considerable length, he forgot to mention God. Considering that God instituted Marriage, that He set its purpose, that He determined its true properties, that He protected it as a priceless treasure with certain laws which would insure its proper functioning, one cannot but feel that Mr. Durant's

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failure to remember God will lead intelligent readers of "Meditation on Marriage" to regard his work as useless.

THE keynote to the burden of his musings is struck very early when he writes, "What is written here will seem to the author fondly absurd a decade hence." Strange that what was spoken thousands of years ago by Adam concerning Eve in the Garden of Eden does not seem absurd, but most solemn to us today — "This now is bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh. Wherefore a man shall leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife: and they shall be two in one flesh." Strange too that Christ's words should not seem absurd after 2,000 years, but rather terrifying to the ears of those who have accustomed themselves to close their ears to such statements — "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder," and "Everyone that putteth away his wife, and marrieth another, committeth adultery, and he that marrieth her that is put away from her husband committeth adultery."

We cannot help but be impressed by Mr. Durant's humility and modesty in admitting that what he writes will prove absurd within a decade. However in that mild statement apparently so innocent and unassuming, we see sound reasons for believing that Mr. Durant is not capable of writing about Marriage or any other fundamental question. It is a pronouncement of the evolutionary theory as applied not only to bodies, but also to ideas and institutions. There is no reason in the world why what a man says or writes today should prove to be nonsense tomorrow. Truth does not change. Surrounding circumstances may alter but the fundamental truths of life remain the same. And if Mr. Durant had considered what God has made in matrimony, and what God thinks about the union of man and woman in lawful wedlock, he would not be forced to admit that what he writes today will be absurd ten years from now. We grant that his "Meditation on Marriage" will be absurd ten years hence, but principally because it is already absurd today.

As might be expected, an article written on so godly an institution as Marriage without any reference to God, literally bristles with gratuitous statements and false notions.

FOR instance, the origin of Marriage "as the permanent association of mates for the rearing of offspring, probably began when the in-

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dividual hunter, daring to live apart from his pack, set up his own tent or hut or cave, and coaxed or forced a woman, or several women, to come and work for him and bear him children. — The man married not primarily for purposes that for generations had been satisfied without marriage, but to secure cheap and personal slaves."

Is it surprising that Marriage has come to be regarded so cheaply and so meanly, when the professed thinkers of our age can describe its beginnings and its development so baldly and so sacrilegiously? It seems to me that the Holy Scriptures have something to say about Marriage being a permanent union of man and woman from its very institution — "Wherefore a man shall leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and they shall be two in one flesh;" that the wife is not to be a mere chattel, a cheap and personal slave, but a helpmate, of the same nature and grandeur as her husband. "And the Lord said: It is not good for man to be alone: let us make him a help like unto himself."

Mr. Durant's article is nothing if not provoking from start to finish. To take up for debate each statement that might be questioned would require more space than can here be afforded. The encyclical of our great deceased Pope, Pius VI, "On Christian Marriage," would almost seem to have been written in answer to articles such as Will Durant offered a long-suffering reading public in his "Meditation on Marriage." Whoever has read Mr. Durant's contribution, will find Pius XI's encyclical as a refreshing drink of clear spring water after tasting of a muddy stream.

Two theses predominate throughout the "Meditation on Marriage"—the theory of the evolution of Marriage, and the theory of economic realism in Marriage. The dual theory is as follows: Marriage has developed as man progressed through different stages of civilization. In each of these states of society, the position of the wife in the family and of the children were conditioned by their economic importance to the husband and father. In other words, women and children were desirable or undesirable in so far as they could bear some of the economic burdens of life. When women were an economic asset their place in the home was assured, when their economic value decreased they became in large degree a sort of a beautiful toy, or as Will Durant expresses it "the wife, decade by decade after 1890, ceased to be an economic help-mate and became a lovely ornament, perhaps repaying all that she received by shedding around her the sunshine of her smile and the real boons of

tenderness and grace, but slipping into a semiparasitism discouraging to cautious bachelors."

In like manner, the birth-rate rose or fell principally according to the economic usefulness of children.

But Durant goes on to say that marriage came to lose its economic function. "Wife, home and children were not assets, but liabilities; not one man in a hundred married for economic reasons." And his conclusion about the whole affair is that "the disorder of marriage being due to economic causes, the remedies must be chiefly in the economic field."

To which we answer, Mr. Durant, that we will seek the remedies for marriage disorder in the economic field to no avail, if every would-be reformer looks on Marriage in so material and base a light as you.

No mention of God, no mention of the soul, no mention of husband and wife being co-parents with God of their offspring, no mention of the parents' sublime duty and privilege of bringing into the world and rearing their children as tender flowers for the Gardens of Heaven, no mention of spiritual values, no mention of man and woman in Marriage being spiritual helpmates primarily, as aiding one another principally in the all-important task of saving their souls. It is all so base, so rank, so pagan in its concept, that the man who looks for higher values in life than coarse materialism is appalled to hear such a remedy for marriage disorder, voiced by one of the spokesmen of modern thought.

MR. DURANT and his school might smile complacently and forbearingly at our idealism, which we dare to place against their boasted realism. Idealism is too frequently supposed to be opposed to truth and fact. It is idealism to speak of the soul of man as made to the image and likeness of God, but it is absolute truth. It is idealism to emphasize the tender love that should bind husband and wife, to insist that children are the light of the home, the honor of their parents, their glory for time and eternity — but it is an idealism which God commands to be reduced to actuality.

And it is most distinctly not reality, or realism, or sensible practicality, or what-have-you to consider human beings as composed of only body — when God and the common sense of the ages and the light of one's own reason fairly prove that they are composed of body and soul. It is most certainly not realism to believe that man will find his ultimate and supreme happiness in economic satisfaction, when every-

one knows that such things do not satisfy his own nobler faculties. It is most absolutely not realism to try to solve a problem which is fundamentally religious and moral by ignoring almost entirely religious and moral factors and devoting all one's energies to make men happy by making them economically-satisfied animals, when what they must be is soul-satisfied children of God.

St. Paul expressed the supreme idealism and at the same time the supreme realism of Marriage, when he wrote to the Ephesians: "Let women be subject to their husbands as to the Lord: because the husband is the head of the wife, as Christ is the head of the church. . . . Therefore as the church is subject to Christ, so also let the wives be to their husbands in all things. Husbands, love your wives, as Christ also loved the church, and delivered himself up for it: that he might sanctify it . . . that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy, and without blemish. So also ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife, loveth himself."

WHEN will the day come when the secular magazines of the country will print sublime idealism but also absolute realism of this nature, instead of the degrading nonsense which goes under the name of realism, which is ever false because it disregards two fundamental truths: 1) that Marriage is God's institution and is subject to the law of God, 2) that man is not a mere animal, but an exalted creature of body and soul, and that the relations of wife, husband and children are not the relations of beasts of the fields, but of creatures of God, who have a destiny not only in this life but also in the next?

Graciously, Will Durant assigns a place to religion in his plan for marriage reform. The clergy should make it their function to provide instruction to the applicants for marriage as to the physiological and the psychological adjustments necessary for successful marriage. Evidently, Mr. Durant would have their work end there. Then too, "wise parents regardless of theology, will arrange a religious ceremony for the marriage of their children. . . . A religious marriage is a vow of honor, burned into the memory by the emotional reverberation of ritual." If the services of religion toward a better marriage and family life stop here, we might be content to have it relegated to the background assigned it by Will Durant.

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But the "vow of honor burned into the memory" and all that will mean very little when passions demand free play, when certain marriage alliances grow distasteful, when pure selfishness suggests prevention of children and the practice of race suicide. But if religion, and the true depository of religion, the Catholic Church (which Mr. Durant does not mention in the course of his article) teach man's total dependence on God, the existence of strict laws of God governing Marriage and the use of its rights, the presence of an eternal sanction of reward and punishment, the absolute incompetence of the state to sever a valid marriage, then religion assumes its rightful sole as the controller of Marriage and all human activity.

SOME of Will Durant's suggestions for the restoration of Marriage to the position of a benefactor of the social order are of some advantage but they are all secondary. The moment he decided that God would not enter into his discussion, he settled definitely that his "Meditation on Marriage" would be of little value. He has little to say about the tremendous business which has grown up about the manufacture of birth-prevention devices, or the stand the State should take in this matter. Concerning divorce he merely says that "the laws of divorce should be made uniform in all our states, and should require a year's delay between divorce and remarriage." In other words, he has no objection to make against legalized adultery which results from civil divorces, nor anything to say about Christ's "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

Articles such as Will Durant's "Meditation on Marriage" will never produce any great fruit of reform. These men approach one of the holiest creations of God, an institution which, contracted between Christians, is a great Sacrament, with hands not sufficiently sacred, with minds divorced from the Wisdom of God and clouded by their own self-sufficiency, with eyes which cannot see beyond the nose of a base, materialistic philosophy.

Pius XI has declared that one of the greatest and most precious fruits of Catholic Action is to establish a more frequent and intimate contact between the clergy and the laity.

V A N I A N A

When Van died May 16, 1936, an experienced and holy priest who had known him well said:

"His case will go a long way."

It was a strange thing to say that of an American boy who had been very handsome and good natured, and immensely popular with his companions and superiors.

But the fame of Van's life does seem to be "going a long way."

Not only in the United States and Canada, but in England, Ireland, and Wales, in Australia and China, and even in Rome itself, his praises have been sung, and people are taking him as their model, and begging his intercession with God.

Priests and Nuns, laymen and women, boys and girls have all their bit to contribute to his "Vaniana,"—telling of the inspiration they derived from his life, the prayers and novenas they have made to him, the favors they have received at his hands.

A priest now in the West Indies wrote a poem on Van: "A Saint for the C. Y. O."

A Scotch trainer for the C. Y. O. says that his life should be put into the hands of every C. Y. O. boy.

A C. Y. O. boxer—twice Golden Gloves Champion—read his life and then went on to read the life of Christ—like Van did!

A priest in Ireland wrote: "Van gives a new proof—if proof were needed—that the U. S. A. produces Saints as well as Europe. Would it not be splendid to have him canonized?"

A boy in Chicago read his life, and wrote: "I know that you will be pleased to know that your booklet is the cause of my vocation to the priesthood. I shall enter Kirkwood next September."

The "booklet" is a ten cent pamphlet: "Van: Beloved of God and Men," published by the Pamphlet Office, Box 148, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin.

Catholic Anecdotes



DEATH MADE EASY

It was the custom, among some of the North American Indian tribes, for the family and kinsfolk of a dying Indian to desert him, particularly if he was afflicted with a very loathsome disease. How well the early missionaries accomplished their work is proven by the fact that even where this custom was as old as a tribe, they were able to inspire the Indians to remain with their own and help them right up to the moment of death.

This story in point is told by one of the missionaries of an old Indian Squaw, named Susanna in baptism. When her husband was dying, she never left his side, but kept on trying to alleviate his pain right to the end: But she went farther than that. She called the priest, and insisted on remaining with her spouse to help him while he made his confession. "Did you tell that sin you committed last month?" she would probe. The dying Indian would even talk over some of his sins with his wife, to get everything straight, before telling them to the priest. Finally he was ready to die, and then he turned to his wife and told her tenderly how sorry he was to leave her.

"Do not speak of that," she answered, "for I shall be with you again soon." After his death she prayed at his grave daily, said the Rosary twice every day, and offered up mortifications and penances for him. She wanted to be sure he would not linger in Purgatory.

Missionaries could well work for such results in many so-called civilized places today.

INCOMPATIBILITY TO TRUTH

The following story was told by the convert, Father Bridgett, C.Ss.R., when answering an address presented to him by the Limerick Holy Family Confraternity.

"Among the causes that led me toward the Church were some very simple words spoken by a poor Irish labourer. I was then studying at the University of Cambridge, and a fellow-student had invited me to visit the Catholic Chapel. It was a very small building in an obscure

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street in the suburbs, and we had some difficulty in finding it. We got the keys from a poor Catholic man who lived near, and after we had looked at the Church, my friend, who was fond of a joke, began to banter the poor Irishman.

"Why, Paddy," he said, "Do you think you've got the truth all to yourselves down in this little back street, and all our learned doctors and divines in this University are in error?"

The answer Paddy gave was this: "Well, sir, I suppose they're very learned, but they can't agree together, while we are all one."

I often thought of that answer, and the more I thought of it, the more wisdom did I see in it.

THE POWER OF GRACE

In the Visitation convent at Paray in the time of St. Margaret Mary there lived a girl who was bitterly opposed to the Catholic religion. Her parents, belonging to one of the oldest and noblest families of France, had been Calvinists. But the persuasive voice of Father de la Colombe converted them, and they became more fervent in their new faith than they had been dogged in clinging to the old.

In order to induce their daughter to follow their example and become a Catholic they brought her to the Visitation Convent and put her under the direction of the Sisters. When the girl realized what had been done to her, she burst into a fury and poured out torrents of abuse on the Sisters. Laying her head on the trunk of a tree she cried out:

"Cut off my head. I would rather die than be made a papist and remain with these wolves and demons of religious."

She scoffed at everything. When in church she turned her back on the Blessed Sacrament; when in the garden she climbed the highest trees, and throwing a rope on the walls tried to scale them. The Sisters thought that they would have to send her home.

And then came the stroke of grace. Suddenly and almost without warning she changed. Not only was she converted, but she flung herself headlong and fearlessly into what was highest and holiest in religion and most appalling in virtue. No penance was too severe, no office too exacting. Entering the novitiate she took the name of Sister Anne-Alexis and was admitted to her vows. From that moment to the end she lived the life of a saint.

The power of grace is infinite, and the most hardened sinner falling under its influence must turn immediately to God.

Pointed Paragraphs

A WORD TO PARENTS

Parents, take notice!

September is at hand. Your children are about to re-enter school. Are they going to attend a Catholic school? If not, why not?

Do you know the law of the Church in this matter?

Canon 1374 of the Code of Catholic law says: "Catholic children must not attend non-Catholic, neutral, or mixed schools."

1. This is a serious law binding under pain of mortal sin.
2. This law hold for all schools: grade school, high school, university.
3. The "neutral" school is one where no religion is taught. The public school and the State university are examples.
4. The non-Catholic school is one where false religion is taught. However, there may be some exceptions to the law. Some places have no Catholic schools, and some Catholic universities do not carry all the courses that Catholic boys and girls wish to take up. The law provides for these exceptions.

Canon 1374 says: "It is the right of the bishop *alone* to decide, according to the instructions given by the Holy See, under what conditions and with what safeguards for the preservation of the Faith attendance at such schools may be tolerated."

1. Parents are not allowed to make the decision themselves. They must consult their bishop or at least their parish priest.
2. This law holds even for those parents whose sons and daughters are entering a university.

But law should not be necessary to force parents to send their children to a Catholic school. If parents are really poor, no pastor will refuse admittance of their children to the parochial school. This is a poor excuse. Generally it is founded in vanity. Such parents are too proud to state their case to the pastor. Or it is founded on indifference. "One school is as good as another," say such parents. May God open their eyes before it is too late.

Anyone who loves the Faith will not do anything to bring about the loss of that Faith either in their own hearts or in the hearts of those they love.

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Catholic education means sacrifice. But it is sacrifice well made.

WHAT'S WRONG?

A few weeks ago a New York paper carried the story of a man who, condemned to die within a few weeks by the doctors, held an open house for a gathering of his friends. Reporters got wind of it and came to interview the condemned man, who was drinking whiskey, cracking jokes, and having a "great time."

As reporters will, they asked him questions. Being about to die, he must be a kind of authority on death, they believed, and so they asked him what he thought about the hereafter. And this is what the man said:

"You know, I've been thinking about that. That's a trouble question. I'm a Catholic, and then too, the Baptists, and Presbyterians will be on my neck. Anyway . . . Mother Goose rhymes may seem just funny, but sometimes there's a good deal of truth in them. There's one, you remember, that goes like this:

"There was a little dog and his name was Rover,

And when he died he died all over."

"Well, that's what I believe. At least I can't see any evidence to the contrary. Thomas A. Edison was a pretty good scientist and student and he studied that question fairly carefully. He said the same thing. . . . And Harry Houdini . . . he said that when he got to wherever he was going he would send back a sign. Harry never came back over the hill, did he? Really, it seems to me like this: People are like trees. Trees don't come back. What trees were grows back from their seeds. . . . Of course, I may be wrong."

It would be hard to conceive of more utter nonsense on the lips of one claiming to be a Catholic. "Sure, he was a Catholic, went to parochial school and everything. Has his daughter in a Sisters' academy." Yet his authorities on the next world are Thomas Edison and Houdini! And his only example of what happens to men after death is what happens to trees!

What's wrong when a man can go through life claiming to be a Catholic, having access to all the glorious teachings of Christ, the statements and miracles of the Saints, the intellectual certainties of the true faith, and yet display such complete atrophy of the mind? Ancient aborigines and barbarians used to believe that trees had spirits, and thinking civilized men laughed at the idea as preposterous. Here's a

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modern barbarian saying that men have no more spirits or souls than trees, and reporters jot the words down eagerly and the whole world reads.

Perhaps it was the liquor he was drinking, which makes fools out of men in more ways than one.

MORE ABOUT LABOR

Strikes continue to bother business.

Economic orators and professors continue to disagree with economic orators and professors.

Labor continues to be slack.

Wages continue to be low.

Families continue to live from hand to mouth.

And the solution for our difficulties (beyond the solution of justice and charity which, of course, has not been fully tried as yet) remains to be found.

Is there anything we ordinary men and women whose names are little more than numbers in the great game of Capitalism — we men and women who want only the things that the Constitution guarantees us and that our dignity as human beings gives us a right to possess — is there anything we can do to bring some order out of the chaos surrounding us?

There is not much that we can do, for the powers arrayed against us are formidable indeed. But what we can do, we should. Here are but a few proposals that we might follow:

For the men:

1. Study the labor question thoroughly, particularly the labor encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius X. Begin a study club in your parish for this purpose.
2. Take an active part in the running of your particular union unit.
3. Know the individuals, their policies, etc., for whom you are voting in your union.
4. Be just in your dealings with your fellow men whether they be at the top of the ladder or the bottom. Respect their property.
5. Be a true Catholic, receiving the Sacraments frequently.

For the women:

1. Encourage your husband in every way you can to study the labor situation.

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2. Do not patronize any store where injustice is practiced whether that injustice is in the wages paid the help or in the actual cheating of customers.
3. Make an effort to find out what stores are just and what stores are unjust.
4. Give an example of justice by not keeping in your possession a single penny that does not belong to you.
5. Be a true Catholic, receiving the Sacraments regularly.

CATHOLIC ACTION

We cannot help but notice an upward trend in the reception of Holy Communion. A few years ago only a few of the hardier Catholics approached the sacred table even on Sundays. On week days the priest alone received. Now it is different. At least half of the people in many churches who hear Mass on Sunday also receive our Lord into their hearts. And on weekdays the increase in communicants has been nothing less than amazing.

Already the fruits of this holy practice can be seen. In every part of the country youth organizations and charitable societies are springing up with the avowed purpose of spreading the sweet charity of Christ. Their object is not merely humanitarian or philanthropic, but primarily Christian, keeping the individual in mind and the special needs of the individual, economic, social, and spiritual. That a tremendous and far-reaching work is being done no one can deny. More than one district has been purged of juvenile crime due to the work of the youth organizations — to give but one example.

We believe that much of this can be attributed to Holy Communion. The bishops and other spiritual leaders can cry out from the housetops and the hilltops for Catholic Action on the part of Catholics till they are old and haggard. But if there is no spirit amongst those to whom the words are flung, all the talking in the world will be vain.

Holy Communion gives this spirit. It quickens the bloodstream of grace in cold hearts; it fires the imagination with visions of conquests for Christ; it arouses zeal and fervor and charity in the most hardened and indifferent. Holy Communion is like a fire that ignites with Divine Love and Charity all that it touches.

But there is still much improvement to be made. There are still remnants of Jansenism amongst some Catholics; there is still a great deal

of indifference. These evils have to be removed. All Catholics must be led back to the Holy table. Only then can the face of the earth be completely renewed.

QUENTIN REYNOLDS AND "SALLY"

"Colliers" in the issue of August 26th carries an article on Sally Rand. The general impression gathered after reading this article is that Miss Rand is a highly respectable individual, a genius in taking care of business affairs, and a decided asset to our American culture. While she is praised for her money making ability, not one word is said in condemnation of the way in which she makes her money. The piece is written by Quentin Reynolds who should know better.

A few years ago a campaign was launched throughout the country against "gangster" moving pictures. The argument adduced was a valid one. Children and young people and even many middle aged people could not behold the bandit glorified without desiring at least subconsciously to become a bandit, and in some instances without actually becoming a bandit and robbing the nearest filling station. Even though the bandit "took it" in the end amidst a shower of bullets or on the gallows, still a vivid portrayal of his power and personality could not but ask for imitation on the part of simple people who would see the portrayal.

What is the difference between a picture on the screen that promotes robbery and an act on the stage that promotes some form of immorality? Is immorality any less a danger to our civilization than picking pockets or robbing a bank? Is an appeal to injustice to be forbidden and an appeal to impurity to be tolerantly smiled at? More nations perished because of the latter than because of the former, and Mr. Reynolds who seems to be well read should know this.

To uphold by means of a light and frolicsome article an individual who has commercialized in her own life on the stage and in the lives of a dozen others on the grounds of the West Coast Fair the appeal to lower and baser passions is to be totally ignorant of the effect such an article will have.

If Quentin Reynolds is logical, we can expect in an early issue of Colliers a light and frolicsome article on Mr. Lepke, public enemy No. 1.

SHOULD CONVICTS BE PAROLED

Is it possible to rehabilitate a criminal? Should a man who has com-

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mitted a crime and has been sent to prison in consequence be paroled after a short time if his conduct is good while in prison?

The answer to the second question depends on the answer to the first: is it possible for the State to make over a criminal into a law abiding citizen?

From reports in the papers and from reports about the prisons it seems that many criminals cannot be rehabilitated. Many of the terrible crimes committed almost daily are the work of ex-convicts — men who had spent long years in prison. For some inexplicable reason crime finds its way into their blood, and vitiates their whole life. If they are obedient and trustworthy while in prison, in many cases it is only in the hope that thereby they can effect a quicker release, and so return once more to a life of rapine and murder.

And from the reports we hear about the prisons themselves there is little likelihood that the discipline so rigorously enforced and the hardships so common in prison life will do much towards helping the convict to a nobler and higher life. He is cast in with a group of men who could not be reformed without a miracle from God.

The time of many of these men is spent in fighting, at least inwardly, against authority and the fate that sent them to prison, and in scheming what they will do when they are released, and how careful they will be not to be caught again. A man cannot live in such an atmosphere for several years or even several months without emerging from it a worse man than he was before. He learns many tricks of a forbidden trade that he never knew before; he finds out that crime does pay some dividends if only one is careful.

The question of parole is not a question for the prisons or the State board to answer. It is a question that has its solution far back in the days of childhood — in the proper education and training of children. It is a question that only religion can answer. And religion is not asked, even while the prisons are being crowded with new victims of paganism. At least let mothers and fathers take care of the "parole" question for their children.



How blessed a thing it is that we can please God, little and low as we are. — *Cure of Ars.*

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EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

"Thou shalt not steal."

WHAT IS THEFT?

It consists in *taking the property of another, without a just cause, and against his will.*

I have said *without a just cause*; for if a person were in extreme necessity, or had no other means of recovering a debt due to him,

he may take the property of another, *even against his will.* With regard to *necessity*, this can hold good when the necessity is *extreme*; that is,

when a person would be in proximate danger of death, or of a most grievous evil, if he did not take what belonged to another; and then he may take only what is necessary to rescue him from the proximate danger to which he is exposed. But a person who is only in *great* and not *extreme* necessity may not take the property of another without his consent, as appears from the condemnation of the 36th proposition by Innocent XI. And next, with regard to compensation, you may not take your neighbor's property to recover a debt due from him to you, unless the debt is certain, and you have no other means of obtaining satisfaction for it.

IS THEFT A GREAT SIN?

Theft, when committed in a matter of great moment with regard to the person whose property is taken away, is certainly a mortal sin, and the person who is guilty of it is condemned to hell. *Nor thieves, nor covetous . . . nor extortioners, shall possess the kingdom of God.* This is a sin

which is punished by human justice sometimes even with death, for security of property is necessary for the peace of all states, and thefts destroy this security.

Every theft of anything of value, then, is a mortal sin, even though the whole amount should be taken away on several occasions in small quantities; so many small sums make up a large amount. If the thefts be committed not secretly, but by force, it is a double sin, because it is a double injustice. If the thing stolen belong to the church, or if the theft be committed in the church, it is a sacrilege.

WHO OFFEND AGAINST THIS COMMANDMENT?

Not only they who take away the property of another are guilty of theft, but also all who neglect (when they are able) to pay to servants their wages, or what is due to artisans or other persons. How many go to hell for this sin! *The bread of the needy is the life of the poor; he that defraudeth them is a man of blood.* They who defraud or neglect to pay the poor man, take away his life; for he lives by the labor of his hands. St. James says that the wages due to the laborer, and not paid, cry to God for vengeance against him who withholds them. The Holy Ghost exhorts us to pay before night (that is, as soon as we can) what we owe the poor. *But thou shalt pay him the price of his labor on the same day, before the going down of the sun, because he is poor.*

They also are condemned to hell

who do not pay pious legacies left by their ancestors. The poor souls remain in the fire of purgatory, and cannot speak. The rectors or administrators of churches are afraid to say a word, and so the Masses remain unsaid and the alms are not given away. Oh! what calamities fall on many families because they will not pay the money left by their ancestors for pious purposes!

They also are guilty of sin who do not pay dues to their pastors. The obligation of paying dues to pastors is imposed by a human and divine law: for they are given to the pastors for their maintenance. The pastor is bound to preach, to administer the sacraments, to assist the dying, and correct sinners, even at the risk of his life. The servant who assists you in your bodily wants has a right to support; and will you refuse to give to him who serves your soul the means of living, that he may be able to assist you?

Usury is also a theft. The man who lends money on the condition of (usurious) interest being paid to him annually, or even every month, commits a true theft.

They also are guilty of sin who unjustly injure the property of another, and are as much bound to make restitution as if they had committed theft, as soon as they are aware of the injury they have done. He also is guilty of sin, and bound to restitution, who hinders another from obtaining what is due to him in justice; or who, by fraudulent means, by force, or by calumnies, hinders a person from getting a present or legacy, which he would probably have obtained, though it could not be said to be due to him in justice.

They also are guilty of theft who accidentally find the property of another and neglect to return it to the owner, when they know him, or who, when they do not know the owner, neglect to make a diligent search to find him. Goods accidentally found should be preserved as long as there remains a hope of finding the owner.

They who purchase stolen goods are also guilty of sin. It is useless to say: "If I had not purchased them, another would have bought them." Do not allow yourself to be deceived by the devil; do not say: "If I do not take this article, it will be taken by another." If another take it, he will be damned; if you take it, you will be damned. But you will say: "I have paid for it." But do you not know that it is stolen property? How, then, can you keep it? You have done wrong in buying it; you must now restore it.

They also are guilty of theft who commit fraud or injustice in buying or selling, or who do not fulfill their bargains or contracts. *Neither shall there be in thy house, says the Lord, a greater bushel and a less; . . . for the Lord thy God abhorreth him that doth these things.*

Cesarius relates that two merchants who had always to accuse themselves in confession of having told lies in their dealings with others, were always in poverty. The confessor said to them: "Do not tell any more lies, and I promise you that you shall realize great profit." They obeyed; and his words were verified. Having the truth always in their mouth, they obtained the character of honest men; thus they gained more in one year by the truth than they had gained in ten years by lies.

Book Reviews

LITURGY

The Liturgical Altar.
By Geoffrey Webb.
Published by Benziger
Bros., New York. New
and revised edition.
Pages xii and 115. Il-
lustrated. Price, \$1.50.

"For many this book of Mr. Geoffrey Webb's will be a Godsend. The interest in the liturgy that all now witness has created an interest, too, in its setting—its surroundings, its instruments, its adornment. But here we are, most of us, too ignorant to know the proper setting which the liturgy should have. Mr. Webb comes to our help. He tells us what was the rule and what still is desired by the Holy See."

It seems to me that these words of the Rev. Bede Jarrett, O.P., taken from the Introduction of the book under review, are an ample commendation and a very succinct summary of this book.

Once we understand the meaning of the altar, the liturgical prescriptions of the Church concerning it become clear and their wisdom evident. "The Church," Mr. Webb tells us, "has always regarded it (the altar) as the representation of her Lord. She considers it as the one likeness, the chief image of Him. . . . As we have seen in the rite of ordination of subdeacons, St. John beheld Our Lord in heaven, represented by the golden altar standing before the throne (Apoc. VIII, 3). Upon that altar he saw the prayers of all the Saints being offered, and the angel taking his censer, filling it with fire from the altar, and casting it upon the earth. Every altar in our churches, from the greatest to the least, is lit from that golden altar in heaven, and becomes its replica on earth, the representation of Our Lord Himself."

From this he deduces the principle: "The ornament which we apply to it is such as we consider becoming to the person of Christ. With this in view he shows us how to evaluate flowers and other decorations, and concludes that the only way to achieve the natural effect of the essential dignity of the altar, is by obedience to the decrees of the Church."

This book ought to be in the hands of intending to build churches and altars, of

Books reviewed here may be ordered through The Liguorian. These comments represent the honest opinion of the reviewers, with neither criticism nor deserving praise withheld.

architects, of priests, and of sacristans. The Instruction of 1938 might have been used more extensively.

—A. T. Z.

ASCETICISM

Victory Over Vice.

By Rt. Rev. Fulton J. Sheen, Ph.D., LL.D., Litt.D. Published by Kenedy. 107 pages. Price, \$1.00.

This is the fourth series of radio addresses on the Seven Last Words of Christ on the Cross, preached by Msgr. Sheen. We find it not only as captivating as all his work, but in a vein to which his genius is specially adapted—that of analyzing human weakness and correlating it to Christ's atonement. Each word is made a reminder of one of the capital sins. He says in his preface: "There is no claim made that the reparation for the capital sins was made in these seven words, but only that they offer a convenient meditation-point for the soul and its advancement in the love of Christ Jesus, Our Lord." The convenience of the points made is quite evident: By the word "Father, forgive them," it is natural to follow the thought of the speaker and meditate on Christ's atonement for anger; by the Word "I thirst," our gluttony is brought to mind; by the word "It is consummated," sloth, etc. Msgr. Sheen's power as a natural philosopher makes his characterizations of vice lucid; his power as an ascetical writer makes his meditations on Our Lord's suffering soul-searching. A good thorough examination of conscience for hidden weaknesses can be made with this book in hand.—D. F. M.

Yes, Father. By Rev. Richard Graef, C.S.Sp. Translated from the German by Rev. Tarcisus Rattler, O.S.A. Published by Pustet. 263 pages. Price, \$2.50.

Despite the rather unfortunate title, this is a glowing ascetical treatise on the all-embracing essential of all religion, all spiritual progress, all perfection, namely, submission to the will of God. We call the title unfortunate because it has a colloquial flavor that in no wise leads one to expect the splendid treatises that the book provides. However it is intended by the author to represent the "Yes,

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Father," uttered by Christ Himself as an expression of His divine submission, and as such really constitutes the theme of the book. The author evolves the whole spiritual life of man out of an act of complete submission to God, such as Christ made to His Father time and again. He does not mind taking sides against spiritual masters whose methods deal too quantitatively and partially with sanctity as if it could be divided and attained in pieces. Thus he criticizes the method of singling out particular sins and faults to be fought against or used as subject matter for particular examination of conscience, on the ground that attending to the presence of God and the Will of God will reveal fundamental weaknesses of character that will transform the soul as a spiritual whole. This is quite in accordance with the views of St. Alphonsus Liguori, whose basic love of God as the great transformer of character is an equivalent of Father Graef's submission to God's will. The book is stimulating and solid reading matter for all who are interested in growth in perfection.

—D. F. M.

SCRIPTURE

The New Testament as revised by Dr. Challoner, with Annotations and References and a Preface by Rev. James A. Carey, M.A. Published, with the Imprimatur of His Eminence Patrick Cardinal Hayes, by C. Wildermann Co., 33 Barclay St., New York. Price, 30 cents each, \$25 per hundred.

An extremely handy edition of the New Testament, at an extremely handy price. A large number of corrections of misleading passages in previous editions of the New Testament has been introduced, and the preface of Father Carey explains them. There is a short historical sketch on each book of the New Testament at the end of the volume, as well as an historical and brief topical index. The book is about the size of a prayerbook with a flexible imitation leather cover. We believe it will sell rapidly in pamphlet racks, and hope that it comes into the possession of almost every Catholic. The New Testament remains today, as it has always been, the greatest treasury of spiritual reading in the world. —D. F. M.

PAMPHLETS

St. Alphonsus Liguori. Two sermons, one by His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, and

one by Rev. P. A. Canon Sheehan, D.D. Published by the Mission Church Press, 1545 Tremont St., Boston, Mass. 31 pages. Price, 5 cents each, \$3.50 per hundred.

This dual tribute to the sanctity and providential work of St. Alphonsus is offered as a means of celebrating this the anniversary year of his canonization. The sermon of Pope Pius XII was preached in 1933, when the second centenary of the foundation of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer was celebrated. The excerpt here given stresses the supreme services of St. Alphonsus in the field of Moral Theology, and as a Defender of the Faith by all his writings. The sermon of Canon Sheehan apotheosizes this burning love of God that literally drove Alphonsus to the superhuman accomplishments of his long life. The pamphlet should find a place on every rack. —D. F. M.

A Martyr to the Seal of Confession—Maid of the Sacred Sword—A Grown Up Altar Boy—The Traveler's Guardian. By the Rev. Francis E. Benz and John S. Gibbons, Editors of *The Catholic Boy*. Published by Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Ind. Price: single copy 10c each postpaid; lot prices.

These four short biographical sketches of four of God's heroes are written especially for boys and girls; grown-ups also will find them interesting. They are lives of Saints Christopher, John Nepomuk, Joan of Arc, and Thomas More. —M. S. B.

The Sacred Heart Why Honor It?—The New Knowledge and the Old Faith—Mexico Destroys Religious Freedom—The Church and Temperance. By the Rev. John A. O'Brien, Ph.D. Published by Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Ind. Price: single copy 10c postpaid; lot prices.

Four assorted pamphlets on four widely divergent topics. Even repeated readings of these pamphlets leaves an impression that they were, perhaps, originally talks to groups of students—the author is the Reverend Chaplain of the Catholic Students at the University of Illinois. Judged by their content, there is no special reason why these pamphlets should be particularly praised or criticized. The best of the lot is probably the apologetic pamphlet on "the bearing of modern science upon Christianity." —M. S. B.



We cannot let Will Durant drop, even with the rather complete demonstration of the flatulency of his reasoning on marriage written by Father Duhart in this issue. For Will was not content to remake marriage on the basis of a few catchwords drawn from economics and evolution; that attempt, made in the *Saturday Evening Post*, only geared him up to a far more herculean task which he essayed in a subsequent issue of the same widely read magazine. It was the remaking of Christianity to the point where Christ vanishes from the picture and we have what should be called *Durantianity*. Bazaar as this statement may seem, is not an overstatement. Durant writes with all the assumption of authority and self-assurance that make a reader say: this man writes as if he were God Himself telling the creatures He made what to do.



Let us give Will his due. He is an exquisite literary stylist. His language flows with all the limpidity of clear water over the softest of brook-beds. Moreover he has made some progress in the art of thinking during the past few years, and if the development continues, he may find a path out of the wild woods of half truths, unfounded assumptions, incompleted arguments that still make the refutation of his writings a holiday task for the student of straight and clear thinking. He has made two excellent points in the present article, points that could have led him somewhere had he only driven his mind to follow them up. The first is that man needs religion: the individual soul needs it, the nation needs it, the race needs it. Reason proves that man needs it, says Will, and then, instead of letting reason look for religion in objective truth that the mind can weigh and measure and cling to, he ends by turning the task of finding religion over to the emotions, which he has groping around among the stars until they find some mysterious thing to believe in. If Will could only get away from that drivel of evolution as applied to religion, the unhistorical and unpsychological theory that all religion has to begin with fear of unknown spirits, and develop along just as irrational a path, he could spare himself a great deal of writhing and self-torturing anxiety to escape the logical conclusions of premises he clearly enough lays down.



The second point Will makes forcefully is that prosperity and wealth cause a decline in religious observance. The title of his article is "The Crisis of Christianity," giving the impression that Christ's teaching is important and that he hates to see a crisis endangering it. Yet to show how completely he has replaced Christ with Durant, he proposes the view that riches are a danger to religion as though he just struck on something new—a truth that the world was waiting for Durant to demonstrate. Not one reference is made to some of the most forceful words Christ ever spoke revealing the danger of riches some nineteen centuries before Will was born to find it out and reveal it to a waiting world. "Woe to you rich!" "How hardly shall they that have great possessions enter the kingdom of heaven!" "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter heaven." No reference to these truths which Christ taught would put Christianity in a constant crisis is made by Will; rather, when he casts about for somebody in ancient times to support his modern discovery, he calls upon, of all

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people, Plato! . . . But apart from all that, his well made point could have led him to the truth. If had analyzed far enough, he would have seen that riches endanger religion because they make men subject to the illusion that there is enough happiness on earth, at least for those who possess riches, and that therefore the rich need worry neither about a hereafter nor about the circumstances in which their fellow men may happen to be forced to live. If there is no hereafter, Will, such as Christ placed as the foundation of all religion, you may write till your hand drops off at the wrist before you will get anybody that has wealth to worry about the danger that riches are to religion.



Will deserves credit, however, for the good points he has made, because men who think things through will take up where he collapses as a thinker and find the whole truth. For Will actually and completely collapses when he has arrived this far. Now he will tell the world what kind of Christianity will save it. He actually says he is going to "redefine Christianity," which must mean that Christ did not do a very good job of defining it the first time and saying that it "would stand thus forever." The new definition that Will proposes is "sincere acceptance of the moral ideals of Christ, and inviting to their membership any person, of whatever race or theology, who is willing to receive those ideals as the test and goal of his conduct and development." In amplification he makes two strictures: one, that we should not ask all men to accept all the counsels of Christ, which is good logic, because Christ Himself did lay down some counsels, like celibacy, not for the many but for the few. The second stricture is a gem, if you like the sparkle of brilliant words cavorting around nonsense. Will says that Christianity should embrace all men, and let each one form his own theology and philosophy. Christianity should reach out and suck in Buddha and Socrates, Epictetus and Aurelius, Spinoza and Einstein, Jefferson and Emerson, Whitman and Tolstoi, not (God forbid!) asking them to change one iota of their beliefs about God or religion, but just gathering them together in pious good-fellowship like ambassadors of different nations at an afternoon tea-party. The result will be sweetness and light and happiness all around. In other words, emphasize the morals of Christianity, or rather the one moral called the golden rule, and let men believe as they please. Alas, poor Will! With all his empiric reasoning, he has not yet lived long enough to know that unanimity in moral ideals is absolutely impossible without agreement on doctrines that support the ideals. If I believe that my fellow-man has an immortal soul and you believe he is no more immortal than a brute, all the Durants in the world will appeal to us in vain to agree on our moral principles as to how our fellow-man should be treated. That is why Christ Himself said: He that believeth (what I have taught) shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be condemned!



If this column, added to the article on Will Durant in this issue, seems to be too much space given to so negligible a thinker, let us add that it is done for two reasons: 1) because Durant is very popular, and his articles appeared in a magazine with over a million circulation. To too many people that is sufficient to make him quotable and believable. 2) Because it is good to know, even if you never heard of him before, how empty are the reasonings of one who is accepted by the world as a great thinker, a great leader of the thousands who reject the Christianity that Christ Himself founded. If such be its enemies, what real Christian shall fear that his position is unsound?

Lucid Intervals

A backwoods farmer was met in the field one day by a modern agriculturist. When asked what he was doing, the farmer said he was driving his hogs down to the woods where they could eat acorns and fatten up for the fall market.

"Why, that's not the way to do," said the agriculturist. "The modern way is to build a pen in a yard and carry the acorns to them. It'll save lots of time."

The old man looked at the visitor for a moment, and then in utter disgust said: "Heck, what's time to a hog?"

*

Lady: Do you know what happens to young men who tell lies?

Willie: Yes, they attract the attention of bigshots and soon make lots of money.

Lady: Goodness, are you a cynic?

Willie: No, I'm a caddy.

*

The Bore: Ha, ha, ha, isn't that a funny story? Ha, ha, ha! Darling, I seem to be wound up tonight.

The Girl: Yes, and yet you don't seem to go.

*

The meek little gent in the restaurant finally sighed and decided to give up his steak. It was tougher than sole leather. He called the waiter and pleaded that it be taken back to the kitchen. The waiter dolefully shook his head and said: "Sorry, pal, I can't take it back now. You've bent it!"

*

Mother: (consoling): Cooking isn't hard, dear.

Daughter: My cooking is!

*

Jerry: So your wife now drives the car? How long did it take her to learn?

Harry: Oh, about two and a half cars.

*

The taxi driver was lying on the operating table while the nurse prepared to give him an anesthetic. Over in a corner, doctors huddled in a final consultation. "No, no," loudly protested one of the Sawbones, "I say we should not cut into him now. Wait 'til he's stronger."

The taxi driver raised up and growled, "Hey, what do you guys think I am, a cheese!"

Boring Soprano: Oh, yes, I'm just learning to read music.

Neighbor: Say, do you have to read it out loud.

*

The Long Island society matron arrived home late one night and discovered that her little son had been very naughty. "I'm sorry, darling," she said to him, "but you have been a bad boy and Mother must punish you. Go out in the yard and find me a switch." The kid disappeared and returned later, begrimed and weary. Handing his mother a large rock, he said, "Mom, I couldn't find that switch, but here's a brick you can throw at me."

*

First Golfer: The traps on this course are very annoying.

Second Ditto (trying to putt): Yes, will you please shut yours?

*

Dear Old Lady: My, what a crowd.

Looker: Yeah. Man fell off a roof.

D. O. L.: Goodness, was he hurt?

Looker: Don't know yet, they've only found one leg so far."

*

A Hollywood star was a recent weekend guest at a private mountain retreat belonging to a West Coast millionaire. The genial host told the star to enjoy himself to the fullest, golf, tennis, horseback, anything his heart desired, except hunting, as there was absolutely no shooting allowed. That night, however, when the actor returned to his lodge, he was carrying a shotgun in one hand and a quail in the other. "What's this?" roared the host. "Didn't I tell you there was to be no shooting?" "Sure," replied the actor, "but no quail can bite me and get away with it."

*

Cop: What's the idea of all the speed?"

Motorist: "My brakes won't work and I want to get home before I have an accident."

*

"Dear Teacher," wrote an indignant mother, "You must not whack Tommy. He is a delicate child and isn't used to it. We never hit him at home except in self-defense."

KEEP THE U. S. NEUTRAL!

While swords are flashing and threats being flung right and left in Europe, Americans have the task on their hands of permitting no specious argumentation and no high pressure propaganda to change their natural and powerful sentiment for peace. Indications are given that the present war scare may subside, but it will inevitably leave maladjustments that the future will have to face. Meanwhile the torrent of propaganda will be unleashed to draw American sentiment to one side or another in preparation for the next crisis.

The course for the United States to follow is to be neutral and to stay neutral. The greatest obstacle to this policy will be the powerful economic interests, which would prefer war and the loss of thousands of lives to the loss of their financial prestige gained through international trade. It was these interests that engineered the United States into the last war, and they will do it again if the occasion presents itself. Talk of idealism, democracy, and world security will be only a clever front for the protection of material interests at the expense of lives.

Keep the country out of war by keeping it neutral—despite all the material sacrifices that economic overlords have to make! The lives of our citizens are worth more than all the money in the world.

NO WAR FOR THE U. S.

Motion Picture Guide

THE PLEDGE: *I condemn indecent and immoral motion pictures, and those which glorify crime or criminals. I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion and to unite with all who protest against them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life. As a member of the Legion of Decency, I pledge myself to remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy.*

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

Reviewed This Week

Conspiracy
Death of a Champion
Gantry the Great
Jones Family in Quick Millions
Oklahoma Terror
Smuggled Cargo

Previously Reviewed

Across the Plains
Adventures of the Masked Phantom
Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever
Bad Lands
Beau Geste
Blondie Meets the Boss
Blondie Takes a Vacation
Blue Montana Skies
Boy Friend
Bulldog Drummond's Bride
Captain Fury
Career
Challenge, The
Chasing Danger
Chicken Wagon Family
Code of the Secret Police
Colored Sunset
Confessions of a Nazi Spy
Cowboy Quarterback, The
Desperate Trails
Dodge City
Down the Wyoming Trail
East Side of Heaven
Family Next Door, The
Feud of the Plains
Fighting Renegade
Fixer Dugan
Flaming Lead
Flying Irishman
Four Feathers
Frontier Pony Express
Girl from Mexico
Goodbye, Mr. Chips
Gracie Allen Murder Case

Grand Jury's Secrets
Hardy's Ride High, The
Hawaiian Nights
Heritage of the Desert
Hero for a Day
Housemaster
Ice Follies of 1939, The
In Old Callente
Inside Information
Jones Family in Hollywood, The
Juarez
Kid from Texas
Land of Liberty
Law Comes to Texas
Let Freedom Ring
Lone Star Pioneers
Man from Sundown, The
Man from Texas
Mexicali Rose
Mickey the Kid
Mikado, The
Million Dollar Legs
Mountain Rhythm
Mr. Moto in Danger Island
Mutiny on the Blackhawk
Mystery of Mr. Wong, The
Mystery Plane
My Wife's Relatives
Nancy Drew, Trouble Shooter
Navy Secrets
New Frontier
Night Riders, The
Night Work
North of the Yukon
Panama Patrol
Racketeers of the Range
Range War
Renegade Trail, The
Return of the Cisco Kid
Riders of the Frontier
Romance of the Redwoods
Rookie Cop, The
Rough Riders Round Up

Saint in London
Second Fiddle
Should Husbands Work?
Singing Cow Girl
Six Gun Rhythm
Smoky Trails
Some Like It Hot
Songs and Saddles
Sorority House
The Southward Ho!
Spirit of Culver
Spoilers of the Range
Stanley and Livingstone
Star Maker, The
Story of Alexander Graham Bell, The
Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, The
Streets of New York
Stunt Pilot
Susannah of the Mounties
Swing That Cheer
Tarzan Finds a Son
Tell No Tales
Texan Wild Cats
They asked For It
Three Smart Girls Grow Up
Three Texas Steers
Timber Stamped
Trapped in the Sky
Trigger Fingers
Trigger Smith
They Shall Have Music
Unexpected Father
Union Pacific
Western Caravans
What a Life
Winner Take All
Wizard of Oz
Wolf Call
Wyoming Outlaw
Young Mr. Lincoln
Zenobia

